







'07 year book of Elsa Norton

rebacked by her son Richard  
L. Ashbrook







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# Freshman Year







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## First Impressions

DEAR MA:—The Sophomore next door  
All my note-paper new, took;  
So, as I write to you to-night,  
I have to use a blue-book.  
To-day I went to sixteen teas,  
Long lab and lectures three,  
And just as I was going to bed  
Twelve Seniors called on me.  
'Twas very kind of them to come,  
I thought them most polite,  
Although they did not talk to me  
And stayed till past midnight.  
They seemed to like my crackers  
And the jelly that you sent,  
Yet somehow—is it wrong?—I was  
Not sorry when they went.  
They've borrowed everything I have,  
I'm dazed with all their talk.  
My feet are soaked with walking on  
The grass beside the walk,  
I never get to breakfast,  
And I never get to sleep,  
The order of my bureau drawers,  
Dear Ma, would make you weep.  
I flunked my last quiz, mother,  
There are damp spots on my wall,  
I never wear my flannels,  
And Miss Thomas didn't call.  
My shins get bruised in hockey,  
I ache in every limb,  
I never know my lessons,  
I am the goat in gym.  
My eyes are blind with sleepiness,  
My bones are very sore,  
I never was so happy  
In all my life before.

CORNELIA L. MEIGS.



## 1907's First Class Meeting

We had been in a state of repressed and almost painful excitement all day, fearing lest we be foiled, tremulous in the desire to succeed, in the all-important task of electing our first class officer. We gathered all over the campus, in entirely unconscious but very conspicuous knots, talking in whispers loud enough to carry from Dalton to Yarrow, wrangling a little, but ready also to listen eagerly to what anybody had heard about meeting-place or pass-word or candidate. By dinner time we all knew the three talismans, Dolgelly, "green soap"—"soft," Augur, and were ready to hustle early out of the dining-room with fearful importance, if, haply, we were not kept writhing in our seats by punctilious wardens. Some of us were then waylaid by some 1906, who smiled with charming affability and urged us with politeness almost too pressing, to walk with them in the gloaming. Those of us who stayed away from dinner were visited by five or six husky Sophomores who planted themselves near the door as if they couldn't stay long. Somehow they did stay, and our discomfort in being kept within was increased by the fact that we knew we were not making a social success as we nervously idled about on a trunk or the floor, and reiterated our all-inclusive adoration of college, or told over our experiences in entrance exams. Some of the simpler of us were gulled by surprisingly youthful freshmen who assured us that the place of meeting had been changed, and volunteered to lead the way. Oh 1907 to thy color ever true! A few cautious souls circled around the outside of the campus from five o'clock on, for fear they would be caught, and when they returned to their jubilant room-mates who recounted what had gone on in the midst of things, conjured up some very interesting tales about how they had been almost caught by Sophomores six or seven times, and nearly sprained their ankles and met dreadful tramps.

But those who sailed out from dinner unmolested and were met by protecting Juniors fared better.

"Oh, yes," said the foremost of a verdant bunch to a kindly Junior, we "are just going to jump out this window and go around the back way," "Oh, no," as protest loomed in sight, "we shan't mind the jump. Why, where we go in the summer—"

"But Self-Gov."—An air of finality in the tone and complete acquiescence on the faces of fellow-freshmen who had sisters in college or other means of initiation, seemed to bar the way as with iron, though the means of escape seemed so harmless and obvious. And then we were led out, by some miraculous roundabout way we have never been able to find since. It was in between lots of buildings, and under shrubbery and through fences, and



close to a window where we could see somebody studying in a beautiful room, a perfectly stunning girl, whom we never saw again. Why wasn't she out to see the fun? How could anybody fail to be excited?

After ages we got there, and walked around a long piazza, that made a fearful noise under our feet, no matter how softly we walked. Here there were ever so many Juniors who took such a personal interest and breathed sighs of relief to see us, and pushed us and pulled us, away from the figures that were snooking around in the dark corners, whom we were as ready to embrace as Juniors, then hurried us up endless stairs and into a big room where a little point of gas lit up an endless number of barely distinguishable upturned faces. We were three if not four deep, and it was so stuffy we could hardly breathe, but the 1905 people at the door wouldn't let us talk or open a window and soon we had even to put out the light. A few more were shoved in on top of us and they told us to hurry up and elect or 1906 would get in. Somebody whispered Augur. We got deadly quiet all of a sudden, and shook with the awe of the thing, beside, we didn't know how to elect. But urged again we broke forth into a wild chorus of "Augur, Augur." There was no dissenting voice, so we concluded she was elected. Then somehow we got to our feet and tumbled out and down the stairs in a fearful jam. The whole house was resounding with a great racket of cheering, and the hall was packed with people who were very much pleased with us as if we had done something quite remarkable. We were so dazed we didn't know where we were, but we managed to answer the cheering in some inarticulate fashion.

It was all over in less than no time, though it took so long in the preparing. But we talked of it half the night, and still like to think of it, once in a while, for it is a part of that strange Bryn Mawr full of mysteries and excitements, a Bryn Mawr that never really existed, but once lived in our ardent imagination, and now remains in amused and wondering retrospect.

ELIZABETH BOGMAN POPE.

## Rush Right

*"Theirs not to reason why  
Theirs but to do and die."*

On the night of Sept. 29, 1903, our tallest member hurried down to Radnor in response to an order she had received to "meet there at quarter past seven," and found a mob of chattering girls, none of whom she had ever seen before, she felt. As they were forming in line, two by two she sought the place that she had always been taught at home would be hers, the head of the line, and found it occupied "by that Boston pair, Williams and Hutchins." So she modestly fell back, feeling that her superiority would sometime be



recognized, and took a place about half way down. Soon a pair of heavy hands were dropped upon her shoulders and a cheery voice said "Good evening, I don't believe you remember who I am." The tall beauty gasped wildly—this girl sat at her table where every one was awful and had such table-manners," and finally ejaculated "Oh, yes it's Miss Shenk." A spasm of rage contorted the visage of Miss Shenk then she smiled sourly and said: "No, Skenk—I think that's a little better, don't you?" What a question to ask a pathetic freshman!

Soon the line started, and then began the work of revenge. Instead of lightly allowing her hands to rest, like fluttering butterflies, on the shoulders of the girl in front, Eunice put all her weight into them, and dragged comfortably. This was hard enough on the bean-pole, but when they came to the stairs—oh, it's hard to portray the pathos of that picture! Then Eunice took a tighter hold, tucked up her feet, and hung! Harriot is about two feet taller than Eunice at any time, and when she was one step higher up on the stair-case, the difference was *terrible*—Her breath was absolutely gone, but she managed to gasp; "Can't you put your hands on my waist instead of my shoulders?" but that did no good—Eunice was evidently paying back for being called "Shenk".

But even this was not the worst—On the way to Denbigh, Eunice slipped off the grass to the path—an imperceptible difference—and sprained her ankle! But why tell of the agonies then? Her "fair roommate" feebly murmured "I'm afraid that Eunice has sprained her ankle. Had I better take her home?" Then the beast-of-burden ahead nobly answered, between sobs of breathlessness, "Oh, no, if she'd really sprained it, she couldn't walk. She'll be all right in a minute," and took up her task again—But Miss Shenk was forced to drop back and then the clarion shout of "1907, march along, Hurrah, rah, Hurrah rah," was increased by the silvery accents of our melodious Harriot. But such bliss could not last long. Soon the iron hand within the velvet glove fell with a sickening thud on her heaving shoulders, and the pack-animal with a groan, realized that flights of song were no more for her. Such was her task that the derisive shouts of 1906, and the encouraging cheers of 1905 could not penetrate to her brain, rapidly becoming lethargic, and it was with a weak, half-dazed smile of relief that she stood under the arch, and with fascinated eyes, watched Ethel de Koven cheering madly, a strange jargon ending, "Ia, Ia, Ia, de K—Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr."

This isn't a very clear account of rush night, but it is all that lingers in the memory of

HARRIOT P. HOUGHTELING.





## The Dean's Reception

It was with fast beating hearts, that we donned our best frocks, pinned on our most ornate bonnets, and took our way to the Deanery. Of course we had met Miss Thomas before, but in an unsatisfactory interview, where we lurked in the shadow of a parent, while a howling mob of mothers stormed the door. Now we were to go on our own responsibility, take tea with Miss Thomas and tell her our views on college life. Those of us who had acquired Junior friends so early in the game, were buttoned and pinned by them and sent forth with their maternal blessing, and many directions as to how we were to greet the Dean. We gathered round the Deanery door in trembling groups, no one being bold enough to be the first to venture in, we rehearsed the remarks that we had prepared, our best wit for Miss Thomas, our second best for Miss Gwinn, shut our eyes and made the plunge.

I believe we sat down at once and heard Miss Thomas' remarks about college tradition. For the first time we heard the magic tale of the single case of two roommates, no engagements with the faculty, etc., stories that were to be such good friends to us in after life. In spite of the thunderbolt Miss Thomas launched the next minute, in her talk on tradition she unwittingly laid the cornerstone of our future dramatic literature.

Then, sandwiched in between the interesting origin of the daily bath habit and the statistics on Harvard graduates, came the mild statement as to the advisability of omitting the Freshman Play this year. In a very few words she convinced us of the thorough wisdom of this plan, we began to believe the Play was a traditional myth, that its only appearance during the year was at this function, when wise Freshmen, such as we were, rejected it in scorn. Academicity for us, down with the drama! In this frame of mind we shook hands with Miss Thomas, swallowed our chocolate and ice cream and conversed in subdued whispers about the newly-learned traditions. A few of us who had heard of former college plays had a vague feeling that all was not well, but we were resolved to make a firm stand for the purely academic life, and, strong in this purpose, we bade Miss Thomas good-bye.

With most of us, the modest ambition of reforming the college vanished on the Deanery steps, a few clung to the thought until they were almost past Taylor, but when we reached our respective halls, with one accord we fell weeping into the arms of 1905, to sob out our childish woes upon their sympathizing shoulders. Is it heresy to say that 1905 hailed this opportunity for scrap with something akin to joy? No, it was their love and affection for 1907 that made them plunge into the matter heart and soul. Of the struggle that went on among the higher powers we knew little, we were merely informed of the happy result when the system of ten hours of rehearsal and "something like Keith's" became established as a new tradition.

CORNELIA LYNDE MEIGS.



## D'Arcy of the Guards

Early on the evening of the 30th of October, 1907, breathless and for the most part dinnerless, gathered unceremoniously at the back door of the gym. It was a great occasion—our first college theatrical; and we made the most of it in enthusiasm. In our youth and unsophistication we felt it no hardship to be jammed into the narrow stairway till it seemed as though the railing must give way. Indeed, there was pure contentment in our voices as, each girl in her favorite key, we went over and over our repertoire, which at that time consisted mainly of “1907 march along.”

And our delight only increased throughout the play itself, from the moment when the curtain first rose on the “Garden of the Townshend House,” till it fell on “The Same, five weeks later.” Unfamiliar as we were with the actors, the gaily uniformed officers and the two pretty heroines gave an impression of reality which since then we have seldom felt in college theatricals. The play was unambitious, being light and not deeply emotional. But it carried us in imagination to those daring stirring days of the Revolution, with their gallant men and charming, high-spirited women. The vivid scenes with their song and jest and laughter, remained in our minds and on our tongues long after we had left the gym and scattered over the dark campus.

ELEANOR ECOB.

## Lantern Night

In the general confusion of recollection which we have for the first semester of Freshman year, in the confused agony of tea after tea and flunked quiz after flunked quiz, our Lantern Night makes a few hours of collected realization in the minds of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seven, and even in the Clark-free peace of Senior year we turn back to the blessed oasis of Lantern Night.

We had hoped for much from college, and we had gotten in those two months a blur of uncomprehended note books and misunderstood lectures. There was a considerable portion of the desert to be crossed yet before we reached an understanding of the place and of ourselves—but that night we were torn out of our commonplace selves and saw our aims and our surroundings in a light of transfiguration.

We were not unprepared for the mysteries. Weeks before we had been measured for our caps and gowns in Denbigh Parlor—an event that to my mind is warm and golden with the afternoon sun on the carpet. That very afternoon we had carried home, amid the sympathetic grins of the college at large and of 1905 in particular, the little brown packages



which contained the possibilities of our glory; we had practised a lantern song for days, and eagerly put a few finishing touches on a squeaky class-song. We knew that a song which we must not hear was being practiced by 1906 at the gymnasium. But even in our expectant wonder, Lantern Night was only one of the functions to which we went with dutiful eagerness and the secure belief that through many experiences we would emerge triumphantly as upper-classmen. Our minds—some of our minds—were quite as full of our first hockey games and of our first English quiz—in fact the person in front of me in the line counted out Grimm's Law on her fingers all the way up the campus.

We were cold on the athletic field—there was a damp freshness of country night in the air as Augur marshaled us—very proud in our white frocks and undefiled, untorn caps and gowns. We shivered loudly, trying with young bravado to believe that it was the cold that made our teeth chatter, and every few minutes imploringly asking our next neighbors whether our tassel was on the right side. And then, Augur told us not to blow out our lanterns; reminding us that the one whose lantern stayed lit the longest was destined to be dean—some day—many, many days off—I am afraid. Once more we wailed out:

"You give us these lanterns, to lighten our way," and with a recognition that college life was opening for the Class of Nineteen-Seven, we began to climb up the long stairs from the athletic field.

It was wonderful on the dark upper campus where we seemed to be alone—filing along to where the thing that was to come waited for us. We stopped trying to imagine that it was the cold that sent shivers up and down our back-bones. The girl who had been mumbling Grimm's Law in front of me, suddenly kept quiet in the midst of her vocalized mutes, and even the most practical of us for a few minutes remembered her Tennyson and bent her head and quieted her thoughts in preparation for the new knighthood that was to come.

It came soon enough. Even *Pallas Athena* seemed sacrilegious after the holy quiet of the past moments, and our green lanterns, shimmering through the darkness, looked garish. Before we knew, it was all over and the world was back again. Holding our lanterns high we sang "You give us these lanterns" and then turned hand in hand, toward Radnor to claim again the halls with our song—in the presence of beaming and half-undressed Seniors and graduate students.

At last, tired and almost quiet, under Pembroke Arch—the place where things begin and end—we listened while the upper-classmen sang. Some of us remember—perhaps—the queer little stop 1904 gave after 1900's song, and some of our Freshmen hearts feeling sorry for the Seniors who had to leave so soon, beat a little harder over

"Whatever the years may bring us,  
Drink deep once again to Bryn Mawr."

That was the end for that night. There were proud moments to come, Nineteen-five, we remember, cheered *Amo, amas* as we marched into chapel. We sang *Ancient of Days*,



moreover, and President Thomas brought back for a while the consecration of the night before by her words about Siegfried and the forging of the sword—but the glory was soon gone and Clark was upon us.

Of the torture that followed and of the commonplace flatness of life we all know enough.

“Saints are we, bards, gods, heroes, if we will,” but most of us won’t. And yet, in the years in college that are past, and in the expectation of the years to come, there is a light

“Lamprynontes ten hodon”

which we would not have known but for the remembered glory of Lantern Night.

MARY ISABELLE O’SULLIVAN.

## The Banner Presentation

Nineteen-five a fairy band  
Welcomed us to Wonderland.  
What a world burst on our sight  
Thrilled us, filled us with delight!  
With delight and shivering awe,  
Till our poppy-friends we saw—  
Gorgeous poppies red and green,  
Of protecting gracious mien  
Guided us; we quaked to pass  
Curious beasts of every class  
Beasts of red and beasts of blue,  
And of freshly verdant hue.  
Passing on a little space,  
Lo, a tragedy we face,  
And with pity we are dumb  
For the fair Kafoozalum!  
Oh, the trouble that she had,  
With her Oriental dad!  
Who believed and made it clear  
That the home was woman’s sphere.  
Oh a winning lover, that,  
Clad in many an ancient hat;  
With his tuneful serenade  
What a pleasing ghost he made!



In a cavern dark and weird  
In a looking glass we peered,  
Some mysterious thing to see,  
And each one beheld her Me!  
Strange indeed, and passing strange!  
Then the cavern seemed to change,  
Now a withered hag appears  
Gray with wisdom, bent with years,  
All our future woe and weal  
She has power to reveal  
And we listen, fain to see  
Destinies that are to be.  
With what transports we discover  
Now a journey, now a lover!  
Of a sudden we were whirled  
To a damp, abysmal world,  
Where the splashing of green waves  
Echoed in the sunless caves.  
There the Jabberwock galumped  
And poor Humpty Dump got dumped,  
And there jousted furiously  
Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Once again did changes seem  
To come over our wild dream—  
In a garden green and red  
On ambrosia we were fed—  
Then with hush of pleased surprise  
We beheld before our eyes  
Such a pageant of romance  
We were dazzled at a glance,  
And we sat and held our breath  
Pretty nearly thrilled to death  
Oh we all were so rejoiced  
That our sentiments we voiced  
In that anthem made by Pig,  
And we all felt pretty big  
As we sang with eager shout  
"Tis our Juniors help us out."



We adored that mandarin  
Bunch of whiskers on his chin  
And the hero brave, sublime,—  
Could have had us any time,—  
Camaralzaman the grand,  
With his suit case in his hand.  
With delight we could have cried  
When he won his flowery bride  
With chrysanthemums so rare  
In her golden fuzzy hair

The curtain fell on that merry scene,  
To rise on as fair a sight,  
For there snow-maidens were singing to us  
In garments of misty white,  
They sang us a song of loyalty,  
And the beautiful snow-maid queen,  
Gave us the symbol henceforth to keep  
Our banner, brave and green.  
Our banner of green is faded now  
And worn by wind and weather,  
But still it means to us everyone,  
A tie that binds us together.  
And ever the tie of college and class,  
As long as we all shall live,  
Will claim from each for the good of all  
The best that she has to give.

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON.





## Freshman Hockey

Whenever anyone in 1907 wishes to say that she is particularly afraid, she says "I feel just as if I were going to my first match game," and we all know what she means. Nothing, I think, can quite equal the delicious terror that pervaded us during the hockey season Freshman Year, not even the feeling that came over us just as we were about to mount the platform to receive our degrees on June 6, 1907, although there was great similarity between them. In the first place our nerves were set tingling by the severity of our first training. The number of hours we slept, the number of glasses of water we drank between meals, the asceticism we practised as to food, ought to draw tears from even a hardened cynic—as to training matters—like Carola, and the way we took our captain's talks to heart, is most affecting to dwell upon.

Another factor which increased our dread was the sudden shock we received about our opponents. For some occult reason we expected to play 1906, and had even practised three long songs to them, two of which never saw the light until Senior Year. Even then I thought I caught a gleam of bewilderment in the eyes of the few 1906 present when we sang about "putting the Sophomore in a hole." When the news that we had drawn 1905 reached us, Rachel weeping for her children, Achilles mourning for Patroclus, and all other mournful events of sacred and profane history, were scenes of gaiety compared to the consternation and grief which prostrated the whole class of 1907. Even those of us who had been puffed up with pride and joy on receipt of a note on the back of Bunny's visiting card—a curious proceeding, akin to Varsity announcements—now fell from the seventh heaven, and searched the future in vain for rays of joy. We soothed our feelings somewhat by learning new words to the tune of the third song, *i.e.*, "Wearing of the Green," hastily written at the eleventh hour by Peggy Ayer, and this remarkable production, in spite of the scoffs and jeers of other classes, of articles in the Tipyn o'Bob and even of fickle members of 1907 itself in these latter days, has always remained dear to our hearts.

This song alone helped us to bear up under the crushing calamity that befell us at the last moment—our hockey skirts never came until the evening after the first game! From that day to this I have always felt that any member of Bryn Mawr who entered Gimbel's was committing a felony, so great is the hatred which I bear them for the way they treated us. As we trotted on the field in white duck skirts, while our Juniors unkindly sang a mocking song about absent green skirts, our only comfort was in being able to heap coals of fire upon their head by this ridiculously servile and perfectly sincere song. It never



by any chance occurred to us that we might win against the invincible 1905, and whether this foregone conclusion influenced our playing or not I can't say. In any case, we were beaten two straight games, consoling ourselves that we had scored in the first game, and had kept down their score in the second, and that we exhibited no soreness in our defeat, Whether this last sentiment was one to be proud of, as we then considered it, I leave to 1907, now older and wiser, to decide.

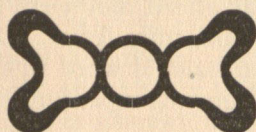
ALICE MARTIN HAWKINS.

### Freshman Hockey

Brownell, (Capt.) C. F.	Augur, C. H.
Morison, L. I.	Wardwell, L. H.
Ayer, R. W.	Wilson, R. H.
Hawkins, R. I.	Clark, L. F. B.
Woerishoffer, L. W.	Vauclain, R. F. B.
E. Craig—Goal.	

Nov. 3-1907 vs. 1905—Won by 1905—9-2

Nov. 5-1907 vs. 1905—Won by 1905—3-0





## Freshman Mid-Year.

*Midyears are coming  
Tra-la-la-la  
Midyears are coming  
They are, they are.  
Midyears are coming  
They're not very far  
And-then-we-shall-all-be  
Flunked  
Out of Bryn Mawr.*

With Christmas carols ringing in our ears,  
And leaving home and kindred bathed in tears,  
We came. 'Twas done, that longed for first vacation,  
The time was here when we, with what elation  
We could, must bravely raise our song in eager chorus,  
To celebrate the agony before us.  
And so it was that from the holy strains  
Of Yule Tide lays, we turned our youthful brains,  
From contemplating shepherd, magi, star,  
We sank to cram for Midyears at Bryn Mawr,  
And sang "Tra-la-la-la that they were coming,"  
At intervals, our patient desks astrumming.  
And how "not very far ahead they were"  
Become the burden of the stilly Ayer,  
While, "flunked," that baneful word was ever present—  
Really the state of things was most unpleasant.

Each day was one long gloomy greasy grind  
Each night grim phantom shapes harassed the mind.  
With tales of dreams at breakfast we were fed:  
One pale-faced, sickly, worried maiden said,  
"Last night my English reader hovered o'er  
My bed, and all night long she swore and swore;"



And one, "A bald-pate man disturbed my sleep  
Growling in Latin, while round his head did creep,  
With hissing noise the earth worms dissected  
In lab. that day my nerves were so affected."

A Freshman once was seen to slowly saunter  
Around the grounds. When friends began to taunt her  
With "Don't you know that Midyears are at hand?"  
She burst in tears and fell upon the sand  
Or gravel of the road. "Alas!" moaned she,  
"That I'm a sight for pity, you'll agree,  
I've strolled like this since morn to build a myth  
Of exercise to tell to Dr. Smith—  
At ten to-night it must be registered."  
(Her friends saw she was properly interred.)

You flew from lunch to Taylor to be grabbed  
By some wild maid with, "Have you Bi all tabbed?"  
"The fern and worm," you answered in despair,  
As though e'en you, a Freshman, couldn't bear  
To finish with that task you knew you must—  
The copying from notes to tabs of just  
Each one and every word your pen had wrung  
From Dr. Morgan's wise and rapid tongue.  
And oh! alas! alas! could you remember  
The meaning of these words writ last September,  
"Bacteria in sun breed out of sight!  
Hence value in our rooms of much sunlight."

These days may seem to many to be sad,  
Yet there was one thing that was not so bad.  
Our English private reading, though in scope  
It left us little room—or any hope,  
Still did not add one minute to our cram—  
It was not signed till after the exam!

Oh! for those days so dear to recollection!  
When reading and exams had no connection,  
When tabbing was the way to learn your notes,  
And the class of 1907 *were* such goats.

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK.



## How Brer Tarripin Licked Brer Ram

Law honey! Ain I never done tole yer bout how Brer Tarripin done lick ole Brer Ram! Well it was dis away.

Miss Medders en de gals, dey low dey gotter hab' em a animal an' dey specifies a time, dey duz, an dey tells all de beases ter 'semble in de settin' room at half pas' one. So des bout dar, er darrerabouts, ole Brer Tarripin wuz settin' in de middle er de road sunning hisself, en he hear a mighty racket behin him, an he hadn't more'n stuck out he haid when, bress gracious! ef yer doan come ole Brer Ram down de road, lickety splickety, wavin he horns an' bellerin! Brer Tarripin he sing out he did, "Hello, Brer Ram!" sez Brer Tarripin, sez 'ee, "how yo symptoms seem to segashiate dis yer fine mawnin?" sez Brer Tarripin sez, 'ee. Brer Ram he fotch up and look roun,' he did, an' bimeby he see Brer Tarripin. "Howdy, Brer Tarripin," sez Brer Ram, says 'ee. "I clah ter gracious Ise nigh done step on yer, Brer Tarripin," says 'ee, "but I cyawn stop ter talk. I mus be goin' on. "Hol on, Brer Ram," sez Brer Tarripin, "whah you goin?" sez 'ee. "I'm er goin' ter de settin room ter be de class animal fer de gals," sez Brer Ram, sez 'ee. "Git outer my way, er I might be bleegeed ter step on yer and squash yer," sez Brer Ram sez 'ee: Wid dat he make off an Brer Tarripin he holler an laugh, en he holler atter him, "Wait fer me, Brer Ram, wai-it fer me, I spec I gotter go to dat meetin myself!" But Brer Ram ain pay no tenshun to him.

Well, Brer Ram he get ter de' sibly and say "Howdy" ter de gals, en 'gun ter circulate roun mongst de yuther animals. Dey wuz a lot er um dere. Dey wuz ole Brer Bull-frog, de gals like he looks caze he look so green en fresh, en dey wuz Brer Cheshire Cat, ez cheer-jul ez yo please, en dey wuz ole Sis Sphinx, she ain say nuttin but she lay low en look mighty wise, en dey was a heap er others what I disremember.

Everybody wuz feelin kinder pleased en thinkin dey wuz gwinter be de one choosed, when, bress de Lawd! yer come ole Brer Tarripin amblin' in de door. He say "Howdy" ter de gals mighty polite, en den de choosin begin. Every animal dar, scusin Sis Sphinx spress he own good pints, en when dey all git through they fit—yessah, dat dey did, dey fit an fit, en bimeby deywuz all beat but Brer Ram en Brer Tarripin. "Come on, Brer Tarripin," sez Brer Ram. "Yo is slow as cole molasses. How you spec you is gwine be de class animal, en make everybody call you slow, en de gals slow?" sez Brer Ram sez 'ee—En he tromp on Brer Tarripin en bunt'im wid he horns, en den he go way en tell everybody bout how he lick Brer Tarripin. But you hear me, honey? Brer Tarripin wan't no mo lickt en what you is dis minute. No sah! He des stick he haid in he shell en quirk up



he tail, en he ain care how many beases done kick'im, it ain't hurt'im nowadays. So de nex day Brer Ram he wuz gwine long to de settin' room again bout half pas' one, en he year some one holler, "Mawnin, Brer Ram," en dar wuz Brer Tarripin settin' on de door sill es lively es a cricket in de embers. Man, Brer Ram wuz mad. He say, "You low down slow little ole green beas', huccum you settin' roun yere sassin' yo' betters! I thought I done teach you some manners yistidday. Ain I done use my haid, en you ain never done nothin' wid your haid excep stick it in yo shell! Ain I always seek he heights, en you stays in low groun'? Git erway fum yere you little low-down scum er de yearth!" En wid dat he whirl in en butt at Brer Tarripin, en he cyarn hurt'im, en den de butt in he do', en he butt in de room, en he butt, en all de gals dey tuk en trow im out, en ole Brer Ram went skidoolin' thro de woods off ter de heights where he belong, like de paterrollers wuz atter him. En so Brer Tarripin he des stay where he at en be de class animal, en he ain use he haid much, en he ain seek de heights, but he stay whar he blong en don' do no buttin' in—ceppin' mebbe one er two little butts—but dey ain nothin er nobody dat kin beat im in de long run, en dat's de truf. Yassah, en dat huccum he git he pitcher on de teacups.

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON.

## Mr. Dooley on Roomdraw.

"Where arre all th' gurruls goin' that makes thim so excited?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Shure, it's to th' room-dror they're goin'," said Mr. Dooley, "and if yo don't knew what the room-dror is, ye've missed the greatest institooshun of th' gr-reat Bryn Mawr College. The office fixed it up, to show what they cud do. Be one turn of th' hand ye can tell whether y'r to have a nice little swate with a front parlour, settin' and dinin' room all in wan, with an illegant and spacious sleeping apartment attached, or if y'r to have wan of thim cosey little flats, where th' wardrobe is under the bed, and the washstand in th' upper bureau dror, fer th' economy of shpace. Th' room-dror's one of the natest arrangements th' College has got."

"And where does th' droring come in?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye dror a shlip of paper that's generally numbered forty-nine and sez to ye whin ye open it, 'No ye don't.' Thin ye have to think quick if ye want to climb three pair of stairs and have a gr-rand view, or if ye'd rayther have a bit of heat in y'r register and the shtrains of the elevator to salute ye ivery marning at five precisely."

"Can ye change y'r room if its not what ye want?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"In the good old days ye cud, ye only had to tell some foolish gurrul that all her busum frinds was moving into that corridor, that the room was new-papered tin years ago and free from cintipedes, that y'd make it a personal matter that she wasn't made proctor,



and that the frishmen should sind her flowers wunst in the wake. Thin you got her changed with sivin other young ladies all as difficult to perswade, put up fifteen dollars at ivery point in the thransaction and finally recaved, along with her undying hatred, a chanst f'r a new room. But that was under th' aisy old rules."

"How is it done now?" inquired Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, now ye pay five dollars to change y'r room, and tin more to comfort thim fer losin' ye out of th' hall, and fifteen for the privilege of givin' up y'r apartment, thin ye go into the dror and git the bist number and choose ye a room afther y'r own hear-rt, and whin all that's done ye go back where ye came from."

"Why is that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It's something to do with the quota," said Mr. Dooley. "That's something all th' Halls has but Radnor, which is a place without pride. I see it in y'r eye Hinnessy that ye want's to ask me what a quota is, but I can't tell ye about it just now. It's like the merit law and the amindments to self-gov, more than th' intellect of a strong man can grapple with.

CORNELIA L. MEIGS.





## The Ladies' Home Learnall.

How dear to our hearts are the days of our childhood!  
How fondly we dwell on each innocent scene!  
The doubts and denials, the racking rehearsals,  
And every loved page of our old magazine.

From cover to cover, what joy there was in it!  
The chromo in front was a triumph of art,  
Where two loving heads, clad in blue and green gym-suits  
Shook hands in the midst of a huge crimson heart.

How true rang the notes in that page of sheet music!  
No wonder we all felt some pride on that score—  
That song, "May the love that we bear them be mutual,"  
Was heartfelt—our hearers were touched to the core.

There were "Side Talks with Girls," when the Lady from Bryn Mawr  
Gave kindly advice, with a consummate art,  
On every known subject, from sweaters to suitors,  
And helped her dear girls by her talks heart to heart.

The Fashions! what charming and lovely creations!  
Madame was superb in her manner and mien,  
Quite models of style were the dashing lay figures,  
But the mild little Freshman was simple and green.

A serial story appeared in the middle  
With more of the same to be found near the end;  
There Sherlock injected morphine in his elbow  
To the great unconcern of young Sonny, his friend.

The weird and mysterious have charms for the public—  
The sleight-of-hand gentleman brought down the house,  
And the wonderful glance of the great hypnotizer  
Held everyone spellbound, as still as a mouse.



We had, well reported, a chat with an Actress,  
And learned how the great Artist made her debutt  
An Animal Tale took us straight back to nature,  
With the green Turtle's efforts to crack wisdom's nut.

There were "Scenes from the Nations"—we had in this number  
The cruel romance of the Spanish Bull-Fight.  
Then Feber and Wiolds, with old jokes in new garments  
Made even the galleries shake with delight.

And last but not least in our marvelous journal  
A wealth of Advertisements, rare and profuse,  
And a very fit end to the Ladies' Home Learnall  
Was made by Omega—just think of the Goose!

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON







Sweet, Hutchins, Auger, Kerr

Brownell, Brandeis, Williams  
Wardwell.

Hawkins, Bullivant, Warren

Clark, Craig,

Goerishoffer, Wardwell,  
Auger, Wilson

Ayer, Hawkins, Brownell  
Morrison.





## May Day

The tale of our first May-day might well be called "Love's Labor Lost," because we strove so hard to bring pleasure to the upper classmen, but our efforts didn't seem to "take" at all. We had listened with pity and derision to the orders issued to the Seniors to greet dawn from the towers of Rockefeller at 5 a. m., and to cull May flowers, whether they wanted to or not, in the damp, dim woods in the early morning and we were not over enthusiastic over our part of the program: the idea of prancing around a May-pole at 8 o'clock only to prance in to lectures at 9 o'clock did not appeal to our youthful fancy—so when Miss Parris and Miss Lawther took us aside, and offered to find costumes and to drill us for a real Elizabethan dance, we accepted gladly, thinking that we would thus please our Juniors and amuse ourselves. Under pledge of strict secrecy, the twelve most graceful, sprightly members of 1907 were chosen to trip it lightly in gay costumes, and our preparations went merrily on.

So the memorable day came at last, and at four o'clock our slumbers were disturbed by the low grumbles and loud carols of the Seniors sallying forth in the chill grey dawn. Of course, it was terrible that they should thus arouse our basket-ball team, who were to play—and lose—so nobly that day—but we could console ourselves with altruistic thoughts of the pleasure we were going to give at 8 o'clock. But alas, how deceived we were—our gay entrance, with the May-pole on a wagon, our May-Queen bedecked with flowers and surrounded by a howling, singing mob of picturesque dancers and noisy Freshmen, was greeted by silence instead of by the expected loud applause from the bedraggled upperclassmen who were already languidly assembled around their respective poles their dripping wet skirts flapping sadly in the way. But it needed more than this to quench our ardor. Still laboring under the delusion that the others were enjoying our performance as much as we were, we continued to steal the Seniors' thunder by running up our pole, executing a little dance with costumed performers, and crowning our May-queen, in direct rivalry of their "Dorothy." The first blow fell when Miss Thomas and Miss Foster met in the center of a huge circle of undergraduates, and our May-queen—who had hated the whole thing—was not included. But we felt that that was merely an oversight, and our start of shocked surprise was really genuine when, after the merry festival was over, our shamed Juniors came up to us, and said, "Oh, why didn't you tell us before?" Then it slowly dawned on our infant minds that the party hadn't been given for us, and that our little act had been decidedly uncalled-for and fresh. But our motive had been unselfish, so we had to console ourselves by thinking that "virtue is its own reward"—certainly we received no other one.

HARRIOT P. HOUGHTELING.



## Freshman Basket Ball

"Pale hands I love thee!"

The thought of basket ball Freshman year recalls nothing to me so forcibly as the sight of Margaret Augur's hands stretched forth to catch the ball firmly and then to send it flying back to Piggy or Esther. A forward on another team once said to me with a shudder, "I dream of those hands every night." It is true that the paleness of the aforementioned hands was probably not apparent to any one near at hand, but distance and the anxious white face of our adored president rendered the analogy sufficiently exact to make the quotation fit, for love them we certainly did. Whatever credit we deserve for keeping down the score against doughty 1906 is due to their untiring efforts, ably seconded by the husky Hutchins and the subtle Sweet. Indeed, hands played an unusually important rôle that season because of the new rule restricting interference to one arm. Most of us had been alarmed by tales of the many dead and wounded that were necessary to blaze the trail to basket ball glory, and all of us who had come from prep schools where the lady-like line game was in full sway had been terrified by the opening practice games where even—I might well say *especially*—our loving Juniors had shaken us violently as a terrier would a rat, and had walked sternly over our prostrate and inanimate forms. Accordingly, when the question came up at athletic meeting, we voted with all our might for the new rule which was to abolish all rough play.

As the days went on, we simply wondered gently and prayed for strength. The only difference under the new régime was that a few more fouls were called on the other teams than on ours—if the umpire happened to be alert—and, in that case, the guilty person invariably put her left arm quickly behind her back the moment the whistle blew, and tried to look both innocent and injured while Marion Warren threw the ball at the basket. On the other hand, whenever the umpires dozed, our opponents easily wrested the ball from our feeble, though law-abiding grasp. The one gain that accrued to us from this state of things was that Marion's practice in throwing free goals bore fruit in the match games, and actually gave us our entire score of one, for no 1907 forward was found guilty of making a field goal. I may be prejudiced, but I have always felt that we were not altogether to blame for this seeming neglect of our duty. In the very first game, as we stood with set teeth, planning the grand stand plays we were going to make, suddenly from our classmates on the sidelines arose the piteous and pious wail: "God send the forwards each one see



stars." Even the 1906 guards were aghast, and we, poor little things, were entirely disheartened, and the effect of the blow lasted through that game and the next with disastrous results. We carried out neither the letter of the law by seeing stars—we left that to Adele—nor the spirit of the song by being stars—Augur, however, threw herself into the breach at that point. Indeed in spite of Marjorie's proud boast at class supper that the green would be always on top, I fear we did not shine at basket ball except in bearing our defeat cheerfully as if we saw before us the long stretch of lean years.

ALICE MARTIN HAWKINS.

### Freshman Basket Ball

Bullivant, (Capt.) C. F.	Williams, C.	Hutchins, C. B.
Warren, R. F.	Wardwell, R. C.	Augur, R. B.
Hawkins, L. F.	Brandeis, L. C.	Kerr, L. B.
	(Brownell)	(Sweet)

May 2—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1906—3-0

May 4—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1906—2-1





## Freshman Class Supper

Our Freshman Class supper, as we look back from the awful heights of Senior dignity, seems a mere conglomerate mass of detached impressions, from which a few stand out with peculiar significance in the light of subsequent events. For example, Margaret Bailey made her first public claim to connection with the English department upon that august occasion. It was then that Bux attained immortal fame by her polite invitation to upper-classmen to be "going back to Dixie." And there was Ethelwyn's toast, distinguished from other toasts by the absence of falling chairs, until, at last, moved by Ethelwyn's menacing countenance and her impelling addition, "Now, you've got to drink it," we arose, and with a gulp drank to a member of a class above us. For our present interclass attitude cf. "Bird News."

Yet, however scanty may be our recollections of specific details, one characteristic remains that distinguishes a Freshman class supper from all others—enthusiasm. It soared and carried us away to undreamed of heights of bliss. From the moment, when, to our good old rush song, we scrambled up West stairs and burst into the fantastic radiance of green lantern lights; through the breathless pause that followed, as our toast-mistress, Miss Schenk, arose for the opening speech; through our deafening roars of approval after each "stunt," good and bad alike, it mattered not, enthusiasm, like a guiding spirit, led us dazzled and enchanted. It enabled us to drink dry toasts (lemons must have been scarce that year) with the utmost joy and abandon. Under our delighted gaze the "Ladies Home Learn-all" had a second and even more glowingly successful edition." And, when, at the end, as we sang "Auld Lang Syne" with linked arms, our gaiety was tinged with regret for the year we were leaving behind, and for the classmates who were not to return, our enthusiasm stood us still in good stead. And from the careless year, with its pleasures gone by, we turned with hopeful eagerness to the fuller happiness of years to come.

L. B. WINDLE.





## STUDYING IN THE LIBRARY

The library is a place where you can find books and other materials that will help you in your studies. It is a place where you can go to find out more about a subject that interests you. The library is also a place where you can go to find out more about the world around you. It is a place where you can go to find out more about the people who live in the world around you. The library is a place where you can go to find out more about the things that are going on in the world around you. It is a place where you can go to find out more about the things that are making the world around you what it is today.

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Sophomore Year







## Class Officers

*President*—Margaret Augur.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—Mary Antoinette Cannon.

*Secretary*—Marie Henrietta Ballin.

## Offices Held by the Class

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT—*Advisory Board*, Mary Antoinette Cannon, Ellen Graves, Margaret Putnam.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Margaret Augur; *Secretary*, Lelia Woodruff.

CHRISTIAN UNION—*Treasurer*, Grace Hutchins.

LEAGUE FOR THE SERVICE OF CHRIST—*Secretary*, Margaret Reeve.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Esther Williams.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION—*Elector*, Mary Antoinette Cannon.

TROPHY CLUB—Grace Brownell, Margaret Morison.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE—Harriot Peabody Houghteling.

GLEE CLUB—*Assistant Business Manager*, Grace Brownell.

LANTERN—*Assistant Editor*, Margaret Bailey; *Assistant Business Manager*, Margaret Morison.

TIPYN O'BOB—Margaret Bailey, Margaret Morison, Eunice Morgan Schenck.

HOCKEY TEAM—*Captain*, Grace Brownell; *Manager*, Majorie Bullivant.

BASKET BALL TEAM—*Captain*, Grace Hutchins; *Manager*, Harriot Houghteling.

## Scholarships

JAMES E. RHODES—Clara Lyford Smith.

MARIA HOPPER—Brita Larsena Horner, Emma Sweet.







## Our Sophomore Play to 1908.

Who will ever forget the sudden silence that fell upon the audience when the bells tinkled and the swift parting of the curtains revealed the first scene of our Sophomore Play. For the first time the Bryn Mawr public looked upon the Yellow Room, Bunny Brownell's masterpiece, grown so dear to our hearts, because it has played an important part in every play we have given since. Behind the scenes we waited breathless for the first sign of approval, and at last came the laughter, first a little, then more and more, and finally the wild applause that marked Mrs. Croaker's exit. I remember clinging to Mrs. Croaker and crying in intense excitement, "Oh, they really like it!"

In all the dust and confusion of the little space behind the stage, in spite of tight trousers and hot wigs, we watched through a hole in the scenery the whole performance. We admired the hero and heroine with all our hearts, and we laughed more heartily for the thousandth time at the comic characters than 1908 did for the first time. The Bailiff's deep and vulgar guffaw saved her often from an inconvenient lapse of memory. She could sit and laugh while her lines were given her, quite unnoticed by the audience. We watched Mr. Croaker with agonized uncertainty whether her now historic trousers would stand the strain while she hopped enthusiastically but thoughtlessly from imaginary fire-cracker to imaginary bomb. But 1907's appreciation of her acting, keen as it always is, was outdone by the remark of a guest who, between gales of laughter, said, "She is just like that all the time you know!" We held our breath with pride when Alice Gerstenberg sailed across the stage, so gay and light, and, above all, so well-versed in stage-craft. She knew how to laugh as though she was really amused, she knew how to manage her fan and her eyes. It was all perfection to us, perfectly witty and perfectly acted. The foot-lights and the paint made us forget all the trials of the rehearsals.

Gertrude used to evade these on every and any excuse. She had a fertile imagination in that line, and only threats, prayers and bribes could prevail upon her to attend one out of three. Peggy would insist on talking as low and as fast as possible, gently teetering back and forth in time to her words. When Augur remonstrated, she would reply inevitably "Of course I won't do it this way the night of the play," and then, finally, Mr. King came, and with him the deepest, blackest gloom. He misinterpreted all our careful interpretations and interpreted them differently. He filled our would-be masculine hearts with despair by his graceful and gallant bows, and we watched him pass from a Miss Richland, who was both haughty and yielding at once, to a Mr. Honeywood, Sr., who was



both crotchety and good-humored with sensations akin to those caused by the transformation of Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. But that night we forgot the sorrows of dress rehearsal and the fact that Mr. Lofty's trousers were orange plush instead of pale-blue satin as he had fondly hoped. We were convinced that the "*Good-Natured Man*" was, as an obliging member of Faculty told us, and probably has told each class since, the best Sophomore play Bryn Mawr had ever seen.

ELLEN THAYER.





## Political Mass Meeting

It was a thing absolutely unique in our college experience—that grand mass meeting and therefore doubly delightful. There was the advantage, moreover, of an atmosphere of perfect spontaneity for it was quickly gotten up, and nobody took the wet-blanket attitude of being bored. It had also the merit occasionally lacking, possibly, in some of our festivities, of combining some sense with a great deal of nonsense.

Somewhere about eight o'clock it was pitch dark—we all got together under Pembroke Arch. There were throngs of Republicans, yet the Democrats were not few. Bryn Mawr has always leaned a little toward Democracy since the prehistoric maiden whose sole religious affiliation was her father's allegiance to the Democratic party. But the Republicans led the van, prominent members of the party being adorned with dress-shirts, swallow-tails, or with sack coats and sombreros. Helen Kempton, as Mr. Roosevelt, wore the latter, and rode at the head of things in Hawkeye's brake. The transparencies were gorgeous, very large and flaunting, with G. O. P. on the side of an elephant, Roosevelt and Fairbanks, Gold not Guilt, etc., in huge black letters. Almost all the lights went out in the transparencies, but not many caught fire. We didn't start for a long time, so we amused ourselves by getting out of line and running along to see people's funny costumes, thereby exciting the wrath of the marshals. Carla Dennison and Anna MacClanahan were Carrie Nation and Swallow. Carrie had her hair in a sort of Greek knot, sticking straight out behind and wore a very small black bonnet, with perky things on the front, and strings tied under the chin; also a real aggressive powerful look. Swallow had his hair parted in the middle and slicked back and wore a huge black bow tie. He was very, very guileless, and looked for support from Carrie in a manner truly touching. Gertrude Hill was a She Reporter—you can't think how plain—in a Boston walking hat with an elastic, a tight coiffure, homely glasses with a string, and a man's coat, taking notes a mile a minute.

The band was perhaps the best of all. They had white sweaters with red sashes across the front and farmers' straw hats with all the brim cut off, except a huge visor in front, which gave them the effect of strange long-billed birds. They were complete with a wonderful variety of facial decoration in the way of goatees, moustaches, beards, side-whiskers, etc. Their instruments were chiefly combs, but some tin pans. We finally started and circled around the campus, hooting and yelling as long as we had any voice to do it with. At William Armitage's we were greeted with a magnificent pyrotechnic display, consisting of Roman candles and skyrockets, that pleased us immensely.



After a complete circuit of the campus we filed into Taylor, the wild uproar not ceasing for a moment. It was one of the greatest joys of the occasion to invade Taylor in such a riotous fashion. The President of the Law Club found extreme difficulty in quelling the tumult sufficiently so that the speeches could be heard at all, and after every speech, and in the midst of the speeches, it constantly broke out again in prolonged hissing and stamping and clapping. The speeches were screamingly funny and many of them very good, for a careful system of team work had been planned out in the Law Club. In fact Miss Thomas said in chapel next morning that "every important issue of the campaign had been touched upon except one"—something about empty dinner pails, which had for some remarkable reason escaped notice. The best piece of argument was undoubtedly Esther Lowenthal's parody of "Friends, Romans, Countrymen;" the most impassioned appeal, Carrie Nation's plea for total abstinence. Her righteous indignation, her great earnestness, her telling gestures as she shoved the bashful Swallow forth into the public eye, was most forceful and not without effect, for later Swallow got a vote. But Roosevelt and Fairbanks had the overwhelming majority. We couldn't talk it over when we got home, for we were too hoarse to do more than croak or squeak, but we could be awfully thankful we were there, and awfully sorry for anybody who hadn't had a political rally in college.

ELIZABETH B. POPE.

## The Peace Conference.

As Sophomores we were very proud to act as escorts for the members of the Peace Conference who wished to see something of the College, and we dutifully mastered the many statistics with which we were to satisfy their importunate interrogations. That some could speak no English was slightly disconcerting for orals were then two years ahead of us and our linguistic struggles as yet undreamed of. The experience of our well-meaning executive, Margaret Augur, is well worth recording. "How delightful it is," she hastened to remark in a burst of charming social suavity, feeling sure that she was setting the elderly gentleman at her side at his ease in the best possible way, "that you have such a pleasant day for your first glimpse of Bryn Mawr." "I am a Trustee," he returned mournfully—and an awful pause fell upon them both. He knew more statistics than she!

The addresses in chapel were most interesting, and made a great effect upon our childish minds. To this day I am sure that each one of us would instantly bestir herself in her sphere of influence to keep father, lover or brother, under stress of circumstances, from shouldering the belligerent musket and marching blindly up to the belching cannon's mouth.

MARGARET AYER.



## Sophomore Hockey

Brownell, C. F. (Capt.)	Augur, C. H.
Morison, L. I.	Hutchins, L. H.
Woerishoffer, L. W.	Williams, R. H.
Ayer, R. I.	Ballin, L. F. B.
Sweet, R. W.	Vauclain, R. F. B.

Haughteling—Goal.

Nov. 7—1907 vs. 1905—Won by 1905—3-0

Nov. 9—1907 vs. 1905—Won by 1905—3-1

## Back From Hades

Given by 1907's Hockey Twenty-two to 1905's Hockey Twenty-two

*Reunited Once More*, or *Back from Hades*, was not an elaborate production, for its charm lay in its very simplicity. The authors had not attempted to write a second *Romeo and Juliet*; they had preferred Aristophanes to Shakespeare for their model. Yet, as far as the characters are concerned, *Back from Hades* will always be as memorable a performance as any production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Who, I ask, could ever forget the manly force and magnetic charm of Pluto, clad in sandals, white stockings, two sheets and a bathing-cap? And who could forget the womanly beauty and classic grace of Proserpine, as she glided about the stage in the flowing robes of an ancient May day Venus, with goloshes (size ten) on her feet, and a nobby little black sailor perched on the leeward side of her head. Added to this her hair twisted tightly on a pencil made one believe that she had just stepped from the Acropolis. Charon, too, was a delightful sight with his green wreath, his nightgown, and his sandaled feet. He won merited applause by the way in which he paddled across the stage with a bar bell for his oar, and a dilapidated portion of an old box for his boat. It was generally agreed that the wonderful scenic effect was only equaled by the chariot race in *Ben Hur*.

Aside from the individual characters, the choruses deserve particular mention. What is true to life always appeals best to the spectators and it was the realistic atmosphere that these created that gave them their chief power and interest. In especial you had only to listen for an instant to the selection rendered by the Misses Ayer, Williams, and Hutchins and you were nearer Hades than you ever thought you could be. Again, the song tunefully warbled by Miss Houghteling, Miss Meigs and Miss Hawkins aroused a lively discussion



in the audience. Some said it was "A Hot Time in the Old Town," while others held for Mendelssohn's wedding march. Time and subsequent tactful inquiries of the complacent songstresses revealed the disconcerting fact that it had, in reality, been "Home, Sweet Home."

Taking everything into consideration, therefore, Pluto's and Proserpine's visit to Bryn Mawr was extremely successful, and when the curtain, which was not there, went down, 1907's hockey twenty-two realized that they could win their laurels on the stage if not on the hockey-field.

GERTRUDE HILL.

## The Banded Choristers of the Class of 1907

It was the night of the Senior Reception that the Class of 1907 made its début in the musical line. I will not count the Rush, as such, because, although since that night at all their song recitals the Class has sung with charming effect and, for once, perfect assurance, that sweetest of ditties "1907, March Along!" on that particular night, the performance was rather a shout than song. (The writer does not wish to judge too harshly in this matter. She realizes that there may be some prejudice still clinging in her mind about the events of Rush Night. For possible correction, see the subject more fully treated by H. P. H.) For our present purpose, then, we will take the Senior Reception as our starting point, although perhaps it was not all we could have wished at the time (I refer wholly to the part 1907 played in the affair, not at all to the Senior Reception, a most charming function). We had to sing, for the first time, before the assembled and derisive College, our Class Song. Now Freshman class songs are often, indeed as a rule, foolish things, but that was not the case with ours. Was it not penned by our George W. Childs prize essayist to be—and a worthy example of her art? It was. Was it not set to a tune hallowed by Rosemary and Margaret Augur, noble sponsors? It was. What then was the trouble, for that there was a serious trouble, no one will deny! It seemed that the Class of 1907 had no more idea of the proper use of their vocal organs for the production of sweet sounds, of singing in tune in tenor, bass, alto or soprano, no more thought of retaining in their memory any words that they had once connected with musical sounds, for as such they immediately became unintelligible, because part of the connotation of that mysterious idea of music was so far above their heads, than (purely for the sake of the comparison, I had begun) has, as we have been told, the average undergraduate any appreciation of the *Vita Nuova*. A realization of their shortcoming came over the pained individuals of the Class of 1907 (to say nothing of the other classes present) during this first attempt at rendering their



brilliant and difficult Class Song and it was at a forthcoming Class meeting that a remedy was sought in the organization of that famous institution, probably the most famous Bryn Mawr has ever known, barring the Self-Government Association, the Banded Choristers of the Class of 1907. This association was to meet at frequent intervals, its sole and herculean purpose being to teach the Class of 1907 how to sing. In proof of the noble accomplishment of this task, I have but to refer you to Miss Comfort Worthington Dorsey and others, who, during the spring of their Senior Year, asked that cheering might be stopped on Taylor steps in order not to mar the aesthetic pleasure which the assembled College received from the pure singing of the Class of 1907.

It has been rumored that the leader of the Glee Club is chosen for a certain slenderness and grace of form as well as for musical ability. Not so with the mistress of the Banded Choristers. Her election was wholly due to the fact that the sight of her, bearing on her breast the green insignia of office containing the letters M. of the B. C., and flourishing in her hand as baton, a hoop stick wound in green, struck such terror to the hearts of her classmates that they dared not make mistakes for fear of the consequences that might be wrought by her doughty temper. Realizing the necessity of strenuous measures to teach them to sing, they adopted this one, unpleasant though it was. The Mistress of the Banded Choristers had to assist her four musically inclined members of the class: Grace Hutchins, Warden of the Banded Choristers (a title worthy of the College Program) whose duty it was to polish and keep the baton; Margaret Ayer, Black-Boarder to the Banded Choristers, who spent long hours in the Gym before the meetings copying out songs on the Board; (her choice was due to the legibility of her hand-writing, which N. B. has since changed); Ellen Thayer, nigger-slave to the Black-Boarder; and Margaret Morison, Chairman of the Banded Choristers, a title, which, by the way, I would have you note, did not take away at all the supremacy of the Mistress over the Board, it merely expressed the manual part of carrying and putting up camp chairs for the use of the Choristers, which duty was performed fairly efficiently by the said Miss Morison.

And so it went, and there we were in the course of our College course, not only providing good singing for the benefit of the other classes, but doing what no class has ever done before us, furnishing two Glee-Club Leaders, namely Margaret Avery Augur and Abby Gertrude Hill.

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK.





## A Lesson of the Master

There are for all of us moments greater than the common-moments, it may be, when one's spiritual prowlings peculiarly find their especial reward of fittingness. To the expanding intellects, of 1907, one of these so joyous moments came with the visit of Mr. Henry James to Bryn Mawr.

There had been anterior rumors—rumors among others of a tea at Low Buildings—on the afternoon of the auspicious arrival—a tea, moreover, at which the hostess was surprised in the quite earliest processes of personal preparation by the too untimely coming of the great man. There had been, possibly in the arrival of trains some error—at all events, the lesser folk rejoiced with tremulous joy in the prostration of the mighty before a still mightier—in the acknowledgment by all of a common master.

There was at the lecture beyond this silent submission, typified, perhaps, to the eager undergraduate vision by a sacrificial baring of many female necks, by a symbolic kowtowing of an English Department, on the whole, too little given to after-dark proceedings of the campus, much to be learned—a vision of landscapes and of many names, later to be devoutly conned by cowering eyes. That night, it is safe to say, we saw and heard, not Balzac supreme among novelists but Henry James receiving the homage of Low Buildings.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN.





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In Memoriam

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Mary Helen Ritchie

1872———1905

Bryn Mawr College, Class of '96

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## When The Students' Building Is Done

### 1908's Freshman Show

Our Freshman enthusiasm over the plays given to us by the upper classes although unstinted, had lacked the finer, keener edge that experience as actors lends to the appreciation and excitement with which one becomes an audience once more. Our interest was therefore roused to its highest pitch when, thrilled alike by mingled feelings of superiority as Sophomores and gratitude as guests, we waited at the back door of the gym on March 25th. . . .

I had written so far when the awful realization that I had not as yet introduced a joke burst upon me, and despairing of hunting one down in my own brain, I started out hopefully on a quest. The first person I encountered was Miss Helburn who, upon my requesting her to tell me something funny about 1908's Freshman show, smiled good-naturedly and recounted to me at some length the plot of the whole. "But," I said, "I wanted you to tell me something funny." Her expression changed strangely, she bent upon me that eagle gaze for which she is famed, and then, in frigid tones, "I wrote the plot," she said, and left the room. Somewhat stunned by this failure I determined to accost some members of my own class where my blunders would not be so likely to strike the irritable spirit of a genius.

Chancing to meet Peggy Ayer, I put my query to her. "Ah, if you want to know something funny," she replied, "you have come to just the right person. My only recollection of the affair is making Augur change places with me so that I wouldn't have to endure the agony of sitting through the show next to—Miss Donnelly."

Deciding finally that perhaps trusting to my own mentality would be on the one hand less dangerous and on the other equally profitable I returned to my desk. After a moment's thought the mental image of the program passed through my brain and I suddenly recalled the following conversation heard on that eventful night:

"Oh, see, that's their class animal. Come on, lets cheer the crane. *Canta—*"  
"Sh,! sh! it isn't a crane at all. Why anyone could tell *that* was a flamingo." "My dear child," came a decisive voice from the end of the row, "Of course, its a stork."

And so we cheered the stork heartily, and then, at the sight of 1908's unenlightened faces, realized we had failed to connect somewhere, and bowed our abashed heads in contemplation of the erudite program. That quite restored our equanimity, at least for those of us who took second year English, by giving us a comfortable feeling of familiarity



with the broad fields of English literature; but even at that instant I am sure, we must have gleaned some inkling of the then Freshmen's future surpassing fame as "serious students of English."

With the rising of the curtain, however, our thoughts were turned from such prosaic things to that most romantic and unreal of epochs, "When the Students' Building Is Done," and for two hours we breathed the rarified atmosphere in which even a tragic death in consideration of the Great Cause, was to be not mourned but laughed at! And so with gay little yellow ballet dancers, with topical songs and time-honored jokes—the necessary complement of all Freshman shows,—with undeserved flattery of their Sophomores, and above all with real merriment and good-will, the Blue Heron won its first recognition from an enthusiastic audience. And the place in our interest into which that night the Freshman class joked and danced and sang itself, has only broadened with the passing years to fit our ever-increasing estimation for the class of 1908.

JULIE DE F. BENJAMIN.

## Eureka

The play of Eureka began its checkered career in the basement of Rockefeller when the gifted authors, overcome with weariness and painter's colic, were forced to lay aside the palette and take up the pen. Such was the exuberance of their genius that while painting with one hand and writing with the other they tossed off the scenery epic by word of mouth. This was during the Thanksgiving vacation and five class slaveys, martyrs to the histrionic ambition of 1907, forewent the joy of the conventional home turkey, to carry out their classmates' clever plan of circumventing the authorities. The official mandate of "no new scenery" would concern but little a class possessed of the three necessary scenes already painted. But alas for our Machievellian plot! The play was postponed until the second semester—the chronic condition of the Bryn Mawr drama—and the process of its composition dragged on from month to month. In spite of this superfluity of time, the dress rehearsal was forced to wait while the last act was being completed. Frantic envoys from the gym found the frenzied authors—appropriately the two most unmusical members of their class—distraught in the basement of East, surrounded by sheets of popular music, while the more gifted of the two beat out an inspiring tune with one finger, and the other, gabbling rapidly to herself, keeping time with frantic fingers, struggling to crowd five syllables into a space where the music provided for one, muttered vaguely "Mawr, star, far, par, Hurrahr!"

It was somewhat disconcerting, too, to discover a few days before the show that the two stars, around whom the play had been written, could not participate, as well to ascertain, the night before the entertainment, that the grads, unversed in the childish art of



scene painting, and the etiquette thereof, had seized upon our choicest scene as an appropriate foundation for one of their own; but the crowning blow was when, five minutes before the show began, one of the guests of honour, whose advice we were of course bound to revere, unwittingly button-holed an author to impart the gratuitous information that any play dealing with the future of Bryn Mawr was bound to be fatal to the audience. The desperate author forgetting all Sophomore etiquette replied simply "You'll have to stand it!" and rang up the curtain.

It helped matters that Margaret Wycherly had presented the Yeats' plays in the gym that afternoon, as ours shone the brighter by contrast. It helped matters, too, that her company had not abandoned the stage until after six, so that the entire piece had to be decorated in one hurried and supperless hour. Nevertheless it all went wonderfully well. Of course in the first act it was somewhat disconcerting to those on the stage waiting for their cues, to say nothing of the complacent authors snugly smiling at their own witticisms behind the scenes, when Gertrude Hill began to omit three pages of manuscript to the speech. And again, in the second act, when Buxy's memory and voice failed her simultaneously in her cleverest encore, we shuddered for the success of the evening. The radiant "wives" in the third act redeemed the night, however, by the spontaneous smiles that physical force and moral suasion had failed to conjure up at the dress rehearsal, and in the fourth Ellen Thayer crowned our succeeding by delivering her two line solo with an éclat that her fondest friends, in moments of greatest optimism, had never dared to prophesy.

It was over at last, the curtain falling to the enthusiastic echo of "juba," and the still louder applause of ever-appreciative 1907.

CORNELIA LYNDE MEIGS.  
MARGARET AYER.

## The Alumnae Show

Before the performance, many boasts were heard that there were only two alumnae in the show, and that of the undergraduates the greater number were members of 1907. After the play came off, we said little further on this subject, not that our actresses did not cover themselves with glory, of course they did, but we could not bear to think of their being associated with such a disgraceful affair.

When I try to describe that evening my brain whirls. There was a puppet show whose principle character was a being whom I fondly imagined to be a lady until about the fifth act, when it was borne in upon me that she was a gentleman, a swash-buckling soldier in fact. As far as speeches went the play was a monologue by the prompter, while the actors clustered



in a group around that corner of the stage in order that they might miss nothing. A dozen times I should say, the curtain went down upon the scene of a villain slain or a lady wedded, and we felt that that play at least was over when lo, up it would go upon another conglomeration of scenery, and we would wander through the mazes of another act.

Finally, however, the puppets were put aside, and we were launched upon the thrilling drama of "Mrs. Pendelton's Four-in-Hand." As most of the stars in this troupe were from 1907, I will say nothing of this performance, except that some merciful short cuts were taken, ten o'clock approached, and we began to breathe easier foreseeing the end. The artlessly hopeful audience, at half past ten, after a few interludes, dances and songs, saw the real piece of the evening begin. The two characters in "As Strangers" acted extremely well, but, who could look at them when we knew that Kate was likely at any moment to make her first appearance upon the Bryn Mawr stage in the character of avenging fury. The Wardens and Self-Gov. were holding an anxious council in the hall, and every pause in the show a throng of people would rush out from the audience. I cannot say when the drama came to a close; at half-past eleven o'clock I fell asleep in Merion with the passionate words of the here of "As Strangers" still floating in at the open window.

CORNELIA LYNDE MEIGS.

## Sophomore Basket Ball

Houghteling, C. F.	Williams, C.	Hutchins, (Capt.) C. B.
Warren, R. F.	Brownell, R. C.	Cannon, R. B.
Hawkins, L. F.	G. Hill, L. C.	Sweet, L. B.
		(Kerr)

May 8—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1906—5-1

May 10—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1907—6-5

May 12—1907 vs. 1906—Tie—6-6

May 15—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1906—14-3



Οι ὀλύμπικ Τημε

*"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum collegisse jurat"*

One of the tales that thrilled us to the marrow Freshman Year was that of the Olympic Games which 1903 held for 1905 in the brave days of old. We gathered a glimmer of an idea that the ceremony was one to be handed down from mother to daughter, and we looked forward with smothered eagerness to a surprise when we should be Sophomores. Sure enough, in the course of human events, we did get to be Sophomores, and there did materialize for us the Olympic Games.

A large and jovial procession, in athletic garb of red and green, marched down the Gulf Road to the historic field. There many placards met the eye, such as Πεανυτ ὕντ, Θρεε λεγγεδ ρασε, and Χαριου ρασε, which were interpreted immediately by those of us who knew Greek to mean *Peanut Hunt*, *Three-Legged Race* and *Wheelbarrow Race*. We went into everything and acquitted ourselves with glory, in spite of discrepancies in length in sundry triads of legs, in that race which of all races calls for equality and team work. As for that chariot race, it would have made Ben Hur feel his pace was set to "where—oh—where are the state-ly Se-niors." Most of the participants bit the classic dust—the *pulverem Olympicum*—before the goal was turned, but Brownie Neff emerged triumphant to receive the plaudits of the vanquished and a laurel wreath, placed upon her brow by the royal hand of Helen Sturgis herself.

I must mention the Sybils, who bore the cryptic names of Τριφφ, Πω, and Εμιλι Βλοδυεττ. In a spot very difficult of access they sat in their temples, and the game was to get your fate revealed by all three before the Furies got you and handed you back across the Styx.

After our feats of strength and skill we sat down and ate long and heartily, with many a quip and jest, tossing off flagons of the brimming grape. The feast was augmented when certain of our hostesses milked two of a herd of cows, maliciously driven upon us out of the gathering darkness. Then we sang and sang ancient and modern lays, and departed homeward cheering, wheeling our chariots before us.

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON.



## Sophomore Class Supper

Although Sophomore Class Supper was held only two years ago, no one seems to remember anything about it now but her own speech, and it is only by dint of asking each girl about her share in the festivities that I have been able to gather these few bits of information. Almost everyone remembers, however, what an able toastmistress Ellen Thayer showed herself, both in her selection of speakers, and in her own well chosen remarks. Bunny and Peggy and Tink lapsing into poetry as usual, since the habit was well marked even so early in their college lives,—gave us the scenery epic, and Margaret Bailey, in a purple dress, gave a hint of days to come by discoursing upon the English Department. Margaret Morison, whose genius had budded years before, delved among the treasures of the past and brought up a lyric gem entitled “Eternity—Thee and Me,” dating from her fourth year. Alice Hawkins, we are inclined to think, spoke on Rotten Row, although she doesn’t remember doing so. At eleven-thirty Comfort Dorsey having been awakened from a sound sleep, gave an impromptu on Perseverance, although she never realized until long afterwards that she had been talking about the class motto. At short intervals the unfortunate dining hall had resounded with samples of Nineteen-seven’s singing, and finally, after a tearful *Auld Lang Syne*, we tripped off to bed, a thoroughly thrilled young class and the seating committee, for the first time in weeks, had a calm untroubled sleep.

MABEL FOSTER.

## 1905’s Commencement

We knew that we’d be sorry to see our Juniors go—but we never knew how sorry, until the alarm rang at two o’clock the morning of the eighth of June. We rose with a vague feeling that it must be the first of May, we were so uncomfortable, and “muddled” ourselves some sweetly sickish chocolate. We dragged on our gym suits, still wet with the rain and tears attendant on the step ceremony the night before, and staggered out into the clammy starlight. The tradition of cursing the Juniors for not bringing enough daisies was as strong as the custom of weaving the chains themselves, and as hours passed we warmed to both our tasks. Our excellent humour extended to the rest of the college, especially to the inmates of the rear of Merion, when we began cheering at six o’clock. Our explanation that we were keeping ourselves warm seemed to satisfy nobody.



The little birthday cakes of daisies, that could have emanated from no brain but that of Bunny Brownwell, were involving some of our number in frenzied calculations over cart-wheels and chicken wire. Some tore their hands on obstinate branches of laurel, others skinned their palms on the hairy rope, while still more merely froze their fingers to the marrow, groping in tubs of icy water for the drowned corpses of flowers. All united in declaring the Bryn Mawr daisy Willy Wordsworth's famous original "meanest flower" that grew.

After a short scene of unspeakable pandemonium in the chapel, while we hung the chains and speared the birthday cakes askew on an expanse of green, we rushed off, still breakfastless, to don white duck and cap and gown. The ushers returned apace to wrestle with the doting and over-eager families of the Senior class, all of whom seemed, animated by the laudable ambition to seize the seats on the front row reserved for the faculty. The marshals busied themselves with the somewhat simpler task of assembling the Seniors, superintending the professors prinking in the library, and hustling Mr. Henry James into line.

From the opening strains of "*America*," pitched so tunefully by our musical executive, Margaret Augur, to the concluding words of the "*Question of our Speech*," we sat painfully upright on our camp chairs, one eye fixed desperately on the clock, the other closing despite the best of intentions. We realized we were missing an opportunity, but we were glad to miss it. We realized that the guests were enjoying the order of proceedings, but they hadn't arisen at two in the morning and we felt that we had accomplished enough for one day. We roused ourselves to turn the tassels of our caps as F. Child stepped off the platform, and were really fairly stirred from coma by the strains of "*Thou Gracious Inspiration*," which brought home to us the realization that this much dreaded Commencement, was over and that finally, as Juniors, we must face the fact that we had lost 1905.

CORNELIA LYNDE MEIGS.  
MARGARET AYER.

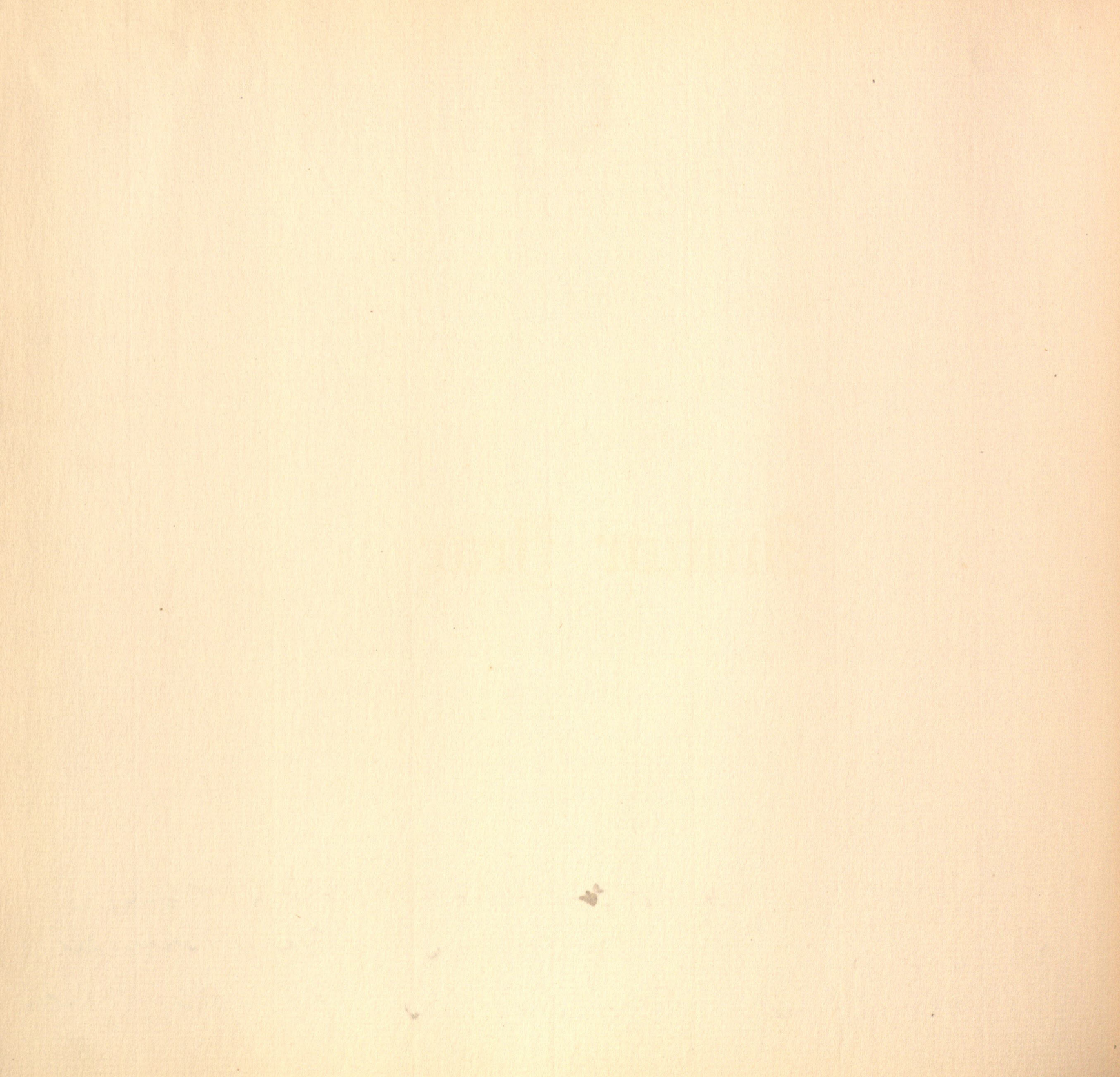






	Alice Hawkins	Harriet Houghtaling	Marian Warren
Gertrude Hill.		Esther Williams	Grace Brownell
Ethelwyn Sweet.		Grace Hatchins	Antoinette Cannon







Junior Year







## Class Officers

*President*—Esther Williams.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—Julie de Forest Benjamin.

*Secretary*—Margaret Reeve.

## Offices Held by the Class

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT—*Executive Board*, Margaret Morison, Margaret Augur, Mary Antoinette Cannon; *Advisory Board*, Mary Antoinette Cannon, Lelia Woodruff, Letitia Butler Windle, Julie Benjamin; *Secretary*, Margaret Reeve; *Treasurer*, Dorothy Wight.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*President*, Harriot Houghteling.

CHRISTIAN UNION—*President*, Grace Hutchins; *Vice-President*, Julie Benjamin.

LEAGUE FOR THE SERVICE OF CHRIST—*President*, Margaret Reeve.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Abby Gertrude Hill; *Outdoor Manager*, Esther Williams.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION—*Elector*, Mary Antoinette Cannon; *Treasurer*, Emma Carola Woerishoffer.

CONSUMERS' LEAGUE—*President*, Emma Sweet.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE—Adèle Brandeis.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Esther Williams; *Secretary*, Grace Brownell.

LAW CLUB—*President*, Eunice Schenck; *Secretary*, Grace Brownell.

GLEE CLUB—*Business Manager*, Gertrude Hill.

ENGLISH CLUB—Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, Margaret Bailey, Elizabeth Bogman Pope.

SCIENCE CLUB—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Margaret Putnam; *Secretary*, Ida Catherine McWilliams.

LANTERN—*Assistant Editor*, Margaret Bailey; *Business Manager*, Julie Benjamin.

TIPYN O'BOB—*Managing Editor*, Margaret Morison; *Editors*, Margaret Bailey, Eunice Schenck, Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan; *Business Manager*, Alice Martin Hawkins; *Treasurer*, Elizabeth Pope; *Censor*, Margaret Helen Ayer.







GROCERY SHOP—Ellen Thayer, Margaret Ayer, Alice Hawkins.  
HOCKEY TEAM—*Captain*, Esther Williams; *Manager*, Adèle Brandeis.  
BASKET BALL TEAM—*Captain*, Grace Hutchins; *Manager*, Katherine Kerr.

## Scholarships

JAMES E. RHOADS—Emma Sweet.





## Upperclassman Dignity

The opening of Junior year brought the inevitable great change to 1907. Those of us who have taken Minor Philosophy have since recognized it as the Appearance of an Ideal of Inner Worth. We were almost unconscious at first of its presence; but it was there at work in us, tingeing even the hilarity of our first greetings. We were upperclassmen; and a great gulf had suddenly widened between us and the careless, frivolous beings to whom we were to serve as patterns of excellence. The Dignity of the Self laid hold on us, slowing our steps, subduing our voices, moderating our enthusiasm. We realized that there were many things which, being what we were, we could no longer do. Away with mere hedonistic considerations. Better to be a Junior dignified than an underclassman carefree and happy.

What we could and did do however, with much well-regulated interest, was to keep watch over the youthful beings entrusted to our protection. 1909 proved to be very easy charges,—indeed they would probably have been able to exist without a great part of the care we bestowed on them. But the giving of advice had become as a second nature to us. We were like the girl who near oral time, made it her practice to furnish without hesitation a meaning for any French word that was asked her,—even if such word had been coined by the questioner herself a moment before.

But if we felt our responsibilities, we felt too our ability to fulfil them. In ethical terms we were self-conscious, self-assertive. But, oh, the difference between this assertiveness and that of our Sophomore days! We moved in a sphere of our own, far above the underclassman world. We took no delight in seeing underclassmen spoil their best pumps as they stepped into the snow to let us pass; we no longer let doors slam in Freshmen's faces. Had we then developed a sudden solicitude for the feelings of others?—No. If we ceased to hurt their sensibilities it was merely because we had forgotten that they had any to be hurt.

ELEANOR ECOB.

## The Princess

The preparations for the Princess are the elements of that unfortunate show that will always linger longest in my memory. The formal rehearsals in themselves were funny enough to deserve perpetuation in our annals. I shall never forget the dramatic despair



of Alice Gerstenberg as she ramped up and down the stage, the very incarnation of royal rage, endeavoring, if only by her own enthusiasm, to implant the vital histrionic spark in the dull bosoms of her uninspired caste. The image of Julie Benjamin, too, will not soon be erased from my memory—Julie Benjamin, perched uncomfortably on some article of gym apparatus, bending over Tink's cryptic manuscript, of which there seemed to be so many renderings with neither Tink nor Alfred Lord Tennyson present, to explain the lines, reading with bitter reproaches the speeches that the caste refused to learn, and suggesting with acid emphasis the exits and entrances that the caste scorned to observe. Gertrude's and my private fencing practices with Miss Applebee, too, are worthy of recording. They usually took place in my big Pembroke room, where, when the furniture was pushed back against my yellow walls, there was space for a large number of the class of 1907 to assemble to watch the fun. Miss Applebee stood in the centre, foil in hand, a red-skirted light-footed, quick-tongued personification of energy. Gertrude grasped her foil with the grip of despair and endeavored to evade my well-meaning but wild onslaughts. Not that she was craven hearted and I courageous, not that I bore all down before the scientific skill of my attack—only that she knew how to fence and I did not, I, therefore, being reasonably assured that she would stab me fairly and squarely over my well-padded heart, and she knowing all too well that my foil might as well land in her eye, her elbow, her ankle, or her ear, as in the carefully protected portion of her anatomy. Miss Applebee used to wax quite alarmed for her ultimate safety. I remember her arguing very seriously with me several times, endeavoring, as I struggled to extricate the point of my foil from the meshes of Gertrude's pompadour, to explain to me what a blight it would cast upon the performance were Gertrude blinded in preparation for it.

On the final night, however, the show went off with a success that dazzled, if not the college, or even the class, at large, at least the unfortunate committee and caste who had never hoped to find such courtesy on the part of the audience. The County Fair had been very entertaining, our side shows had amused, our cider (which almost didn't come) and our pop corn balls (made by long suffering Pembroke West, 1907, of far famed culinary skill), had satisfied, and our red balloons, which it had nearly maddened the committee to procure, were a most novel success. Alice Gerstenberg, most royal in the black wig that had for the last week been such a bone of contention that it had almost divided the class against itself, played her part with Gertrude Hill, our fair-haired Prince, Eunice Schenck, delightfully ludicrous in her flaxen curls and her pink and crimson doublet and hose, sang her drinking song with marvelous effect, the supernumerary characters managed their yards of rich cheese cloth apparel with a dexterity and grace that neither Bernice Stuart, the discouraged class dress maker, nor the frenzied stage manager ever hoped for, and the great duel came off with eclat, Gertrude and I revolving slowly about the stage to a muttered under-tone of "one, two, three, thrust! one, two, turn! one, two, three, parry! that we trusted could not be heard beyond the fifth row, and was consummated with splendid effect,



despite the fact that the Prince was forced, by predetermined arrangement, to sink gracefully to earth his hand on his heart, when it was painfully evident to all the audience that I had deftly nipped him in the knee cap.

The banner presentation that followed our closing tableau was simple and brief. Esther made her informal speech over the red flag with its clean white numerals, and the banner song was sung to the class of 1909 much as it had been sung to us, two years before, by the class of 1905. And on this night, as on the earlier one, both classes forgot themselves and the petty interclass connections of college life in the larger relation expressed in the closing lines.

“May it still remain as it is to-day  
Though we may be scattered far  
That together the green and the loyal red  
Shall honour and serve Bryn Mawr.”

MARGARET AYER.









## Junior Hockey

G. Hill, C. F.  
Ayer, R. I.  
Brownell, R. W.  
Hawkins, L. I.  
Woerishoffer, L. W.

Williams, (Capt.) C. H.  
Kerr, R. H.  
(Sweet)  
Hutchins, L. H.  
Vauclain, L. F. B.  
Daw, R. F. B.  
(Huey)

Forster—Goal.

Nov. 7—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1908—9-4

Nov. 9—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1908—6-2

## The Low Buildings Fire

Of the undergraduates the conscientious were in chapel, the studious in old Taylor library, the greedy at breakfast, and the slothful hurriedly dressing for a nine o'clock lecture, when suddenly an unholy clamour burst upon the morning air, a clamour arising in the happy fusion of the ringing of firebells in the power house, the rattle of gongs in the halls of residence, the clanging of Taylor bell, the shriek of the siren whistle, and a moment later the shrill exchange of questions, as every one, with a rush of feet down bare stairs and echoing corridors, sought with one impulse the campus and information. With everyone else I hurried from Taylor, my mind bent on reaching Pembroke East in time to save my Moxon Wordsworth and my fifty page essay, due in major English the next day, from the devouring flames. But on reaching the doorway my attention was arrested by the cheering comment, which put quite another aspect on the affair, "They say its Low Buildings," and my speed was checked by the paralyzing vision of one of the faculty's most dignified members clearing Taylor steps at a bound, landing a crumpled heap on the graveled walk, picking himself up with agility, and sprinting, coat tails flying, hat jammed over ears, down the pleached walk, disappearing over the brow of the hill, just as the majority of the official staff burst out of the doorway from which he had just emerged and strove to outstrip each other in a frenzied



rush to effect the salvation of their household goods. The entire undergraduate body was making at full speed for the hollow, bounding ankle deep in March mud, tumbling down occasional abrupt declivities, breathless with haste and anticipation.

Arriving at the scene of action, although no ravage caused by the flames was perceptible, our fire captains, determined to do their positions proud, advanced to meet the emergency. Our efforts, however, were received with a strange coolness by the faculty. We were told by one professor, who with dented derby and drenched coat, had mounted guard over an entrance, that there was no fire at all; by another who was eagerly urging his brothers on to man the hose that everything was going on in Taylor as usual—a falsehood on the face of it, as everyone scheduled to be giving or taking lectures at that period was in plain evidence before us. There was little we could do—but that little will never sink into oblivion. Who could forget Anna MacClanahan, proudly staggering from the smoky entrance, bearing in her arms a treasure snatched from the flames, a large white washstand and a porcelain pitcher? Who could fail to remember Margaret Bailey, optimistically hoping for the worst until the very end, her arms perpetually extended in anticipation of the receipt of the contents of a certain large brown canvas bag. The majority of us merely passively enjoyed the spectacle. The scene began to take on the aspects of a custom house, for the grass was littered with half open trunks, grotesque bundles, new spring suits saved at all hazards, heaps of carpet rolls and a couple of very British appearing boxes plastered over with foreign labels.

"A King is but a man as I am," we thought, as we listened to what was going on around us. "Take these!" cried an anxious lecturer, extending to an eager undergraduate a bulky strong box, "they are what I prize most in the world."—After all the undergraduate was human—one peep proved them to be lecture notes. A young professor in a light blue suit marched wildly up and down before the building bearing on his shoulders a large-sized Saratoga trunk—a lady pursued him, urging between laughter and concern, "Please put it down! Don't strain yourself!" "I will! I will!" he said with an air of fortitude in the face of necessary hardship, and continued his restless walk. "Throw me anything that you want to save," called another gallant gentleman to a lady in distress, and was the instant recipient of a pair of white kid gloves and a blue satin pin cushion.

The arrival of the president, attended by her family physician, lent a note of formality to the scene. But the fire, alas! was over, the faculty once more their austere selves.

We paused to listen to Miss Thomas's reassuring address from the doorway, and then, as ten o'clock rang from Taylor Tower, sauntered up the hill to lectures, where, struggling to conquer the wickedly reminiscent light that would gleam in our eyes, we met the abashed gaze of our dignified instructors.

MARGARET AYER.



## The Grocery Shop

In criticizing this three-act drama one is somewhat at a loss how to classify it according to any established type. In that its event is disastrous to the hero, it is tragedy—even in the Aristotelian sense—but in that many of its episodes are entirely free from sadness, it partakes of the nature of true Meredithian comedy. One thing to be noted at the start is that such a combination marks the drama as typically English—apart from both ancient and continental models. In its spirit, however, it is even more modern—in a word, it is distinctly American. In it we see the first great drama of commerce—the worthy successor of Elizabethan dramas of adventure in search of fame and wealth. The protagonist 1907, is throughout animated by this mighty spirit of the western world, but—be it noted—altruism is the keynote to his character. Around the gradual unfolding of his character the interest centers.

The plot is itself slight and not extraordinary. It represents the vain striving to realize an ideal, to gain the means to build an enchanted palace which would remedy all existing evils. The structure is somewhat irregular, though never inconsistent. The action rises steadily until the beginning of Act II, and then falls gradually until the middle of the third when the catastrophe takes place. The remainder of the play is concerned with the unravelling of all the threads involved, which is accomplished in so masterly a manner that one can but think of Shakespeare's handling of the intricacies of *Cymbeline*. A word about the setting is necessary. Curiously enough, the unity of place is preserved throughout—the scene is laid in a small damp underground room. It has been suggested that the oppressive atmosphere is meant to foreshadow the idea of fate which pervades the whole drama—a symbolism akin to the witches in *Macbeth*. The style is at its best in the first act but as a whole it is very uneven. In Act II it is very lax but grows rough and almost violent in spirit in the latter part, and continues so until the catastrophe, when it calms down and exhibits great peace at the end.

In the first act we see 1907 as a care-free youth receiving inspiration from a noble friend, 1905, who has conceived the idea of succoring humanity by this palace and, seeing that his own life will be insufficient for the task, presses the buoyant youth into the great cause. Side by side they toiled like galley slaves, 1907 trying to relieve his old friend at every turn. Help poured in from every side and success seemed to crown their efforts. Much bright dialogue is found in this act, and in it occurs also the famous song "There's a time in each day," which has the true singing gift and shows the spirit of our hero. (From



lack of space, we merely refer our readers to page 29 of the *Songs of* 1907, printed at the sign of the turtle.) So faithfully did 1907 and 1905 work together that when the latter, worn out with care, but still gay to the last, gave up the ghost, he bequeathed his great plan to 1907 who, unwittingly, accepted the legacy with much thankfulness.

Some time elapses between Acts I and II, and when we see 1907 again he has lost much of his buoyancy. He works on almost alone, for, although 1906—a pale figure in Act I—comes into more prominence now, he never has much vitality and lacks staying power. This act is the duller of the three, but the influence of fate grows stronger, and 1907 becomes at times bitter and morose. In the third act he is recognized as a malcontent from force of circumstances, and the pity of it must wring all hearts. Another character of some promise, 1909, comes to the foreground in Act III, but before he has time to show his powers, 1907 hastens the impending catastrophe by realizing, after many hours of agony, the futility of his ambition, and making a semi-public renunciation. He still believes in the magic castle, but he sees that it is not for him to fulfil the mission, that his method has been faulty and inadequate, though his spirit noble. Accordingly, he causes all to abandon the project, and after this one great struggle, composes himself for death, comforted by Browning's philosophy, and leaving the emotions purged through pity and fear.

ALICE MARTIN HAWKINS.

## The May Day Fete

"May Day, Merry May Day," so sang, with heartfelt enthusiasm, the students of Bryn Mawr College on that memorable first of May, 1906. Halls, towers, arches, pinnacles and chimneys echoed it back and forth. As early as daybreak it was caroled by hammer-strokes and imprecations, while undergraduates, to say nothing of members of the faculty risked life and limb, to hang as near Taylor's green clock as possible, a patch of orange cloth bearing upon it emblazoned in purple a lion rampant, which looked pathetically like the Library cat. To this day I can hear, above the din and tumult which by seven had increased considerably, owing to the arrival of the horses, cows and sheep, the voice of Alice Hawkins, calling upon the stalwart among us to rush in and tread upon the newly-laid sod in the Library Quadrangle, bought by the May Day Committee's heart's blood. Perhaps the only pleasure of the day came with the hasty breakfast, snatched between the rival claims on our time of decoration committee and stage managers. How we gloried in those Elizabethan costumes, flaunted so gaily in the dining-rooms, not at all because under the strange jerkins and bodices we "felt our hearts throbbing with the superabundance of the



life of those days when the world was young," but because Self-Gov. ordinarily bars out fancy-dress from meals. Pitiful source of amusement when one compares the joy which a certain daily paper attributed to us as participators in the Fête. "Here," it reads, "was all the spontaneous fervor of youth at play, all the gaiety of spotless souls who have known not the cares or drudgery of the world!"

Is it strange that many even forgot that they were "the first to introduce the revival of the Elizabethan pageant," as they clung breathless to the edge of a float, or walked behind the most obstreperous cow, or bravely clasped a kicking lamb to their breast? Is it strange that the fools, or, let us say, the clowns, who, as a preliminary to their later activities, danced from Pembroke Arch around the circle of the campus, while courtier and lady set the pace at a funeral march, heaved a sigh of relief because Dr. Taylor had refused to add the Vaux Woods to his gift of land to the college? And at the different plays about the campus, what joy abounded! With what spontaneity did the *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* caste enter upon their———teenth representation, realizing that their last chance to catch a glimpse of *Robin Hood* was gone! As to the words which Gertrude, most patient and harassed of souls, uttered, as she made her last lightning change of costume from shoemaker to gallant, in the green room before Denbigh, the least said, the soonest mended. Then think, for a moment, of the bland and plastic smile which the milkmaids bravely donned for their final coquettish dance. In one corner of the campus, however, spectators were in as bad a boat as actors. I am sure that the hours spent going to and from the masques in the cloisters, through damp and unfinished corridors, crossing abysses on single-plank chicken walks, and squeezing through the chink of boarded up doors, will haunt some fond mothers and grandmothers to their dying days.

Before the great May Day of 1906, there were some who derided the little May days with maudlin hymns and Rockefeller breakfasts. No longer so. Our innocent, childish, trustful ditty, "May Day, Merry May Day," has given way now to this more solemn, serious pæan:

"Since May day must be celebrated  
By something really antiquated,  
Let maudlin hymns and riches fare  
And diamonds in our May Queen's hair  
Be for themselves inaugurated—  
But let us not be May Day Fêted."

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK.







## Junior-Senior Supper.

On May 12, 1906 came 1907's formal farewell to 1906, Junior-Senior Supper. The final meeting of the two upper classes, seems to me to have stood to us for the last of a series of delightful occasions and for the closing of a distinct period in 1907's as well as in 1906's college career. We remembered with pleasure "D'Arcy of the Guards"—when we were only just learning, but proudly, to place the names on our programs. Since then, in athletics, and in many Gymnasium functions, through Freshman-Sophomore and Sophomore-Junior and up to Junior-Senior year, 1906 and 1907 had met and entertained each other. With the curtain drawn on "David Copperfield," we paused, paid tacit tribute to the pleasure and interest of our intercourse, wished each other good luck in all the future, and with best wishes for a lasting friendship as *alumnæ*, said "good-bye."

MARGARET MORISON.

## Junior-Senior Supper

1907 to 1906

### Prologue

I.

Oh harken kindly audience  
For we would have you note  
That the Class of 1907  
Somehow always is the goat.  
Whatever dire restriction  
The authorities would pass  
It's always first imposed upon  
Our poor down-trodden class.

II.

They took away our Freshman Play;  
Our histrionic laurels;  
We'll have a cut rule here next year,  
And just two tries at orals.



Through divers rules that they have passed  
We'll never graduate,  
But worst—we were the Juiniior Class  
To strike the May Day Fete.

III.

A trembling committee  
Went to interview the Dean,  
Oh, we had planned the nicest play  
That ever you had seen.  
“Could we give it?” breathless querry  
Calm the simple answer “No!”  
“Why don't you give the Senior Class  
A darky minstrel show?”

IV.

“It wouldn't be appropriate”  
We ventured quite distraught  
“Well then,” Miss Thomas briskly said,  
“I really think you ought  
Have just a simple supper  
And a clever speech or two.  
I think you'd find some burlesque toasts  
On Politics would do.”

v.

But we explained they wouldn't  
And finally she said:  
She'd put a few restrictions  
On our defenceless head.”  
And then let us proceed to give  
As best we might our play  
We beamed—poor guileless innocents—  
And she went on to say:



VI.

"A play already written  
 Could never be rehearsed  
 Besides it would take much less time  
 If we should write one first."  
 We were a little doubtful  
 About the logic here  
 But she went on conversing  
 With words of hopeful cheer.

VII.

Guests invited to a supper  
 Came primarily to sup,  
 The play was but a side dish—  
 We'd have to get it up  
 In ten hours of rehearsal—  
 And of course there wouldn't be  
 Any thought of decoration  
 Or of painting scenery.

VIII.

Our committee was quite staggered  
 This was so elaborate;  
 We needed time to plan a play  
 That would prove so ornate.  
 And so quite certain of our point  
 We ventured then to say:  
 We thought we'd better have a date  
 Before the first of May.

IX.

But Miss Thomas, ever thoughtful,  
 Said that *she* thought that in May  
 After May Day, before finals  
 While the games were in full sway  
 And we'd just begun our cramming  
 We would have more time to spare.  
 Mute, despairing, our committee  
 Saw how futile any prayer.



x.

So to-night we gayly proffer  
You this short impromptu play  
Ponder on our limitations,  
Pardon all our faults we pray.  
We rejoice amid the troubles  
That could not be driven hence,  
Though all else was wrested from us,  
We could keep our audience.

MARGARET AYER.









## The Technique of Junior-Senior Supper

1907 to 1906

As we went into the gym that night with our 1906 partners, so weary we could hardly stand, and knowing, all too well, the details of the performance, from the inside, and therefore not very curious or excited, our cue was very evidently to keep the minds of 1906 as far as possible from the scene they were entering upon. It would indeed have required great conversational powers to thus occupy their minds, when they had come for the express purpose of seeing the show and its settings. Moreover, the appearance of the gym was too striking; it howled for attention and the utmost conversational scintillation could not have diverted attention from it.

On the tables were approximately three hundred plates with wide dark red borders, and purple lilacs—a witness to utter lack of collusion between the catering committee and the decorating committee. The caterer, also, out of the kindness of his heart, had thrown in a profusion of red, white and blue trimmings to add to the beauty of the scene. To give still further variety, the walls were hung in green and white. Bands of white cheesecloth, some loose, some tight, were suspended from the balcony to the floor. The plan for this had been made in the day-time, and the complete effect was rather more of a surprise than a pleasure. The light struck so as to show the texture and quality of the material and also to reveal the dumb-bells, bar-bells and other instruments of torture resting beneath. Even the pins that held the cheese-cloth together gleamed forth in the light as if three times their actual size. The branches of tender green, intended to spread and conceal the background, hung in dark, limp, soggy-looking bunches, and the amount of string of all colors that visibly bound them together, bore witness to somebody's tireless energy. Every flower of the dogwood on the balcony was fast closed and most of the branches had descended therefrom in the vain effort to conceal the horrors beneath.

We don't know about the food. We were too busy acting or worrying or tearing our best clothes scenery-shifting to eat, but we never heard it highly commended.

We will never be convinced that the play wasn't amusing and in parts very well acted, but we shall have to confess that there was a hitch in almost every place where there could have been one. Lagging scenery, uncertain cues, ill-fitting costumes were displayed before our weary eyes, and the only entirely rational animal on the stage was the parrot, who squawked with great *eclat* at exactly the right moment.



If we hadn't already groaned too many groans over May Day we should send up another loud and long for May Day and Junior-Senior supper together, for most of its flaws were all because of May Day. Considering May Day we might say Junior-Senior supper was a remarkable affair; remarkable it was in some sense, in any case. But if it is viewed coldly and critically, as we fear it may have been, and hope it was not, by others,—then remarkable is not the fully descriptive word.

ELIZABETH BOGMAN POPE.

## Junior Basket Ball

Woerishoffer, C. F.	Williams, C.	Hutchins (Capt) C. H.
Windle, R. F.	Brownell, R. C.	Kerr, R. H.
G. Hill, L. F.	(Christy)	
(Vauclain)	Hawkins, L. C.	Sweet, L. H.

May 8—1907 vs. 1909—Tie—4-4  
 May 10—1907 vs. 1909—Won by 1909—3-13  
 May 12—1907 vs. 1909—Won by 1907—7-3  
 May 14—1907 vs. 1909—Won by 1907—5-2  
 May 15—1907 vs. 1906—Tie—6-6  
 May 17—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1906—11-4  
 May 18—1907 vs. 1906—Won by 1906—6-3





## The Mock Class Supper.

A class supper usually voices the Dutchman's favorite song, "der schweet pie und pie," speaks in glorious tones of the future and gives a grand reckoning of the golden past and incidentally jerks most impolitely at one, two or more heart strings.

But a mock supper follows, more closely, along the lines of the simple life, and "lemonade, made in the shade" is good enough for it. At least 1907 thought this was true and put it in practice. And of course there is no question about this mock supper not having been the finest and cleverest that ever has been or ever will be.

And this is the way it came about:—while 1906, gowned a la décolleté, was possessing itself of Pembroke dining hall, 1907 tripped merrily, in duck fashion, down to Rockefeller basement and there in the non-resident lunchroom closed themselves in. It was not long before the cups were filled with their sober contents and every one was showing a fondness for lemonade. Some of this illustrious class became quite eloquent over their cups, Tony Cannon spoke in felicitous phrases (the monks would have put them under lock and key in ye olden times) of her lot cast in Wood's Hole and of the tenants therein. How we all sat with bated breath while Meigs so generously laid bare the art of play-writing that no one marveled at Shakespeare any longer! It was nice to listen to Edna Brown's confession of not being able to keep from falling over any object that might be anywhere from twenty to forty feet near her. Carola made an excuse for Mabel Foster's absence, but convinced no one that a "thin excuse was better than a stout denial." Margaret Ayer was interviewed as to pedantry and spoke in very beautiful phrases of her following,—at least it sounded beautiful, only she and one other could speak thusly. Alice Gerstenberg gave herself over to acting, and once or twice called forth genuine down-pours.

In the midst of this merry gathering, someone (I don't know what makes me think it was Grace Hutchins) suggested that we go and serenade 1905 who were having a reunion supper in Denbigh. I never saw any suggestion followed up so quickly. Of course we nearly ascended in a fluttering clump when 1905 gave us *amo*, and each one almost dug her toe in the ground trying to see the whole class at once.

Afterwards we managed to pull ourselves away and Esther gave a rousing good toast and we sang our class song. I think someone of us wept after it was all over, so much did it resemble rain and sunshine. I remember one felt pretty sad.

ANNA NASH BUXTON.









Senior Year







## Class Officers

*President*—Esther Williams.  
*Vice-President and Treasurer*—Julie Benjamin.  
*Secretary*—Margaret Reeve.

## Offices Held by the Class

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT—*President*, Margaret Morison; *Vice-President*, Eunice Schenck.  
UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*President*, Ellen Thayer.  
CHRISTIAN UNION—*President*, Grace Hutchins; *Vice-Presidents*, Julie Benjamin, Cornelia Lynde Meigs.  
LEAGUE FOR SERVICE OF CHRIST—*President*, Margaret Reeve, Marie Remington Wing.  
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*President*, Esther Williams; *Indoor Managers*, Gertrude Hill, Grace Hutchins.  
COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Carola Woerishoffer.  
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE—*President*, Emma Sweet.  
LAW CLUB—*President*, Eunice Schenck; *Vice-President and Treasurer*, Grace Brownell.  
TROPHY CLUB—*President*, Grace Brownell.  
SCIENCE CLUB—*President*, Margaret Putnam; *Vice-President and Treasurer*, Ida McWilliams.  
GERMAN CLUB—*President*, Gladys Priscilla Haines.  
ORIENTAL CLUB—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Elizabeth Dixon Wilson.  
GLEE CLUB—*Leader*, Gertrude Hill.  
CHOIR DIRECTOR—Eunice Schenck.  
GROCERY SHOP—Alice Hawkins, Ellen Thayer.  
ENGLISH CLUB—*President*, Margaret Bailey; Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Pope, Eleanor Ecob, Eunice Schenck.  
LANTERN—*Editor-in-Chief*, Margaret Bailey; *Treasurer*, Julie Benjamin.  
TIPYN O'BOB—*Editor-in-Chief*, Eunice Schenck; *Managing Editors*, Margaret Morison, Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan; *Business Manager*, Alice Hawkins; *Treasurer*, Elizabeth Pope; *Censor*, Margaret Ayer.  
HOCKEY TEAM—*Captain*, Esther Williams; *Manager*, Adèle Brandeis.  
BASKET BALL TEAM—*Captain*, Grace Hutchins; *Manager*, Katherine Kerr.







## Scholarships

BROOKE HALL MEMORIAL—Clara Smith.

ELIZABETH DUANE GILLESPIE—Emma Sweet.

EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP—Virginia Greer Hill.

FIRST TEN—Virginia Hill, Edith Florence Rice, Clara Smith, Comfort  
Worthington Dorsey, Helen Lambertin, Annabella Elliot  
Richards, Anna T. Hann, Eunice Schenck, Brownie  
Elizabeth Neff, Emma Sweet.

GEORGE W. CHILDS ESSAY PRIZE—Margaret Bailey.

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS—*Greek*, Clara Smith; *Latin*, Edith Rice; *Physics*, Helen  
Lambertin.





## The Auction

One of the pleasantest recollections I have of Senior Year is that of the auction held in the Trophy Club corner of Pembroke East in the very first days of the first semester. I always think of it as a 1907 affair, partly because of the able auctioneers—Misses Ayer and Schenck—and partly because most of the articles sold belonged to us, having come into our possession by inheritance, gift, purchase, or theft, in about equal proportion. We had all just finished unpacking, and were animated by the laudable ambition of keeping our rooms cleared for action this one last year, at least. Mingled with this, was a feeling that it was unbecoming the dignity of Seniors to keep around them so many things, the value of which could be measured only in sentimental units—units that in many cases had fallen far below par value by this time.

No sense of Senior dignity, however, stood in the way of the hilarity of this occasion. We wanted to prove that, whatever other Senior classes had been, we were still bubbling over with enthusiasm, and were not unnecessarily oppressed by the importance of getting our degrees. I might here mention that all this took place even before the summer oral reading had been registered, and if we showed a determination to put away, *i. e.*, sell, childish things, we still spoke, thought, and understood as children. With all reverence, I may say that we still saw the faculty through a glass darkly, not wasting much contemplation on the time when we should meet them face to face, in a setting of crimson velvet chairs and other traditional stage property. Indeed the only hint of the approaching tortures was seen in the number of oral books put up for sale and bought quickly and cheaply by prudent underclassmen. One of the most curious results of the evening was that scarcely anyone paid for her purchases, thinking, I heard later, that it was all in jest. I may say that penuriousness on both sides was the distinguishing feature of the evening—never have I seen such a spirit of bargaining and meanness prevail in the sacred precincts of Bryn Mawr as on that night; Miss Schenk's caustic and personal remarks on this subject were only to be equaled by those of her colleague later in the evening.

The personal equation was a great factor in the sales, determining the price far more than did the intrinsic value. "What more," urged the earnest auctioneer, "could possibly be needed to enhance the value of this gilt-framed Sir Galahad—copies of which are so scarce in our halls of residence—than the thought of its environment these many years?" A friend of the owner's was heard to murmur something about "under the bed," but she was suppressed.



Whenever a particularly atrocious article was put upon the block, and the comments about it waxed scathing and contemptuous, the owner would be sure to say hastily, "It doesn't really belong to me—it was left in my room and I am just determined to get rid of it," preferring the stigma of dishonesty, rather than that of bad taste. Now I insist upon saying for my own justification that each of the three articles—not disreputable ones either—that I sold, had really drifted into my room without my volition, but I fear that others, less scrupulous, disclaimed many little gems which had rejoiced their souls in earlier days. However, what we had lost in virtue, we had gained in æstheticism.

Can I bring myself to tell how one auctioneer in her flights of wit began to damn a famous text-book and gulped back her slurs when she saw fixed firmly upon her the keen eye of the offspring of the author? No, I cannot, we will draw a veil over that and other embarrassing scenes and pass to others almost as astonishing. Would that I could bring to your minds the gasps which 1907 uttered, as cups which we had once deemed it a favor to be allowed to wash were sold for a song! Vases, pitchers, curios, remarkable and hideous toys, consecrated by associations—everything that once had been and still should be fraught with tenderest memories was mercilessly sold to the highest bidder—be she vandal, athlete, pedant, or æsthete, amid shouts of laughter from 1907 as we recognized each historic monument. No care was taken to find a good home for our once cherished possessions, but, as each bit of tradition passed from our hands to those of some uninspired youngster, we breathed sighs, but sighs of relief.

Meanwhile the wind howled in the Lombardy poplar just outside, and the superstitious and fanciful, feeling twinges of conscience perhaps, murmured that the ghosts of other classes were thus expressing their indignation at the sacrilege just perpetrated. Scoffers, were too many to let this gain credence then, but when, next morning, some early wanderer spread the news that several of the class-trees had changed their positions slightly, and that 1905's had completely turned around, their jeers died away, leaving the matter unexplained unto this day.

ALICE MARTIN HAWKINS.

## The Metamorphosis of Mary

The career of 1907 has been such that a record of their doings is necessarily crammed with reports of dramatic triumphs, so many in fact that it is hard to find anything to say of this occasion except that it was, as usual, a striking success. It was the same promiscuous compound of jokes, songs and high tragedy that 1907 had concocted so often before and offered to the gullible public under the label of a play.



Although our leading trago-comedian, the unequalled portrayer of the characters of Mr. Croker, Cyril, and Mr. Micawber, was unable to be with us, we had the usual old standbys, long ago endeared to the playgoing public, the Thayer singing, the Kerr dancing and the Brownell improvisations. One innovation—the mob scene in the second act—proved too much for the unaccustomed cast. The brilliant success of their noise in the dress rehearsal so turned the heads of the three people who represented the hundreds of ferocious Sophomores clamoring at the door, that the final performance distinctly lacked the fire and abandon that they had before thrown into their rôle.

That dress rehearsal was a scene to look back upon. In the front row sat an authoress, touched almost to tears by the bouquet presented to her by the cast, a prophecy let us hope and not a hint that this was to be the last of her masterpieces that she was ever to see staged. Behind the scenes raved another authoress, directing the Rush and taking for her model and ideal the chariot race in Ben Hur. Around the walls stood a shrieking multitude of decorators building an effective but tottering wall of corn shocks dotted with pumpkins and stopping every minute to wail over their mashed fingers and to cheer on the weary actors. The most pathetic figure in this abode of pandemonium was the stage manager, tearing her hair over the agonizing question of the gentlemen and the chaperones and how they were to be distributed.

It was a striking picture and one thoroughly characteristic of the ways of 1907. And when the Freshmen bade us good night after the final performance with many assurances of their delight and enthusiasm, we watched them depart; loaded with vegetables and stock feed pitying the poor young things who had yet to experience such true delights as the herculean labors, the cheerful weariness and the hopeless chaos of an impromptu play.

CORNELIA L. MEIGS.

## Orals.

Many experiences of human life are calculated to dampen young enthusiasm, to quell the ardour of proud spirits, to prick the bubble of vanity, but I know of nothing that takes the wind out of one's sails so completely as orals. The most confident among us and the most knowing alike, on the occasion of our first orals grew pale, weak-kneed and incoherent in their speech. In comparing notes afterward—and this prolonging of the agony is perhaps the worst curse of the whole thing—we learned that the point of acutest suffering differed in individual cases, but it was there for Eunice and Carola I believe, as well as for Jonesy and me. For some it was the night before, when they waked up with a start to shiver with more than earthly cold; for others it was waiting at home to be summoned by a friend from below stairs, and for many the last moments in the outer office, where Miss



Hannington's soothing smile failed to soothe. My agony I affirm was constantly acute except when I saw the thing before me and was able to look results and Dr. Jessen calmly in the eye. An absolutely meaningless newspaper passage in which "prosit" was the only word I knew, having seen it once on a stein, did not seem to finish me quite, so after being encouraged by an invitation to read more quietly—my bravado had betrayed me into yelling—I was presented with another passage with the words—"This is an experiment," "Ah yes," thought I, "they do not usually give a piece out of a newspaper and my first mistakes are not going to count." Thus heartened I began.

Seeing something about glaciers, ice and snow, I made up my mind that I was entering upon a description of the Alps, and conjured up a charming little picture into which I should fit my translation—towering mountains, blue and cold, and a little Alpine village and green plateau. In this strain I floundered on for a long time, but at length I finished or, at least, stopped.

Oh those hours of fearful unrest in the chapel when there is no peace or comfort. Every chair seemed provided with a spring that pushed you off and urged you on somewhere else. The place contracted every minute. Your head was hot and felt swollen and you wandered nervously about assuring everybody in excited tones, that, no indeed, orals were not half so bad as made out, and exhibiting three very irregular eyelets embroidered just before entering the torture-chamber to show you could do it. Still you learned a good deal while cooped up there. I had the pleasure of finding out that the Alps passage was a chemical experiment of Helmholtz's and that I had not dealt quite as I might with the ice and snow. Well we got out and had lots of surprises. Jonesey was adorned with one of the few merits in French, though claiming to have no knowledge of it, and there were few high marks though we are such a clever class, all of which goes to prove the truth of what we have always affirmed about orals.

ELIZABETH BOGMAN POPE.





## Senior Hockey

Windle, C. F.

(Christy)

G. Hill, R. I.

Brownell, R. W.

Hawkins, L. I.

(Klauder)

Woerishoffer, L. W.

Williams, (Capt.) C. H.

Kerr, R. H.

Hutchins, L. H.

Sweet, R. F. B.

Daw, L. F. B.

Forster—Goal.

(Meigs)

Nov. 13—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1907—2-1

Nov. 19—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1908—2-5

Nov. 21—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1907—4-3

Dec. 7—1907 vs. 1909—Won by 1907—4-3

Dec. 10—1907 vs. 1909—Won by 1907—7-2





## 1907's Senior Hockey Games

The thought of any match game in which the class of 1907 participated calls before me the vision of the grand stand rather than that of the field of action. This is probably due to the fact that at most of the athletic contests, in which I followed the career of 1907 anything that would divert my mind from the play and the score was hailed with relief, and my attention was always concentrated rather on the group of my cheering, shrieking, singing classmates, than upon the struggling teams on the field. We were a motley crowd, gathered on the terrace below the lower pleached walk, to watch Esther Williams, in that final incredible game of the final incredible series, lead our team on to incredible victory. The strained intensity of the situation had wrought havoc in our tempers, and the spirit of amity and sisterly love seemed conspicuously lacking in our group. I can still see the glowering glances cast by certain stern moralists, priding themselves on their superabundance of sporting spirit, at our irrepressible enthusiast, Bess Wilson, who kept up a shrill running comment on the fallibilities of umpire and referee, interspersed with whole-hearted imprecations cast at the heads of our innocent opponents. I can still recall the look of sorrowful reproof with which Margaret Reeve informed me from the depths of her green cape that Miss Applebee objected to coaching from the side lines as I relieved my pent-up spirits with one hoarse shriek of "Make a goal, 1907! A goal!" I can still hear Ellen Thayer's querulous suggestion from the rear "Well, why don't we sing?" As well as the scornful murmurs evolved by the reply from the front row, "Eunice says you've got to wait until she finishes her ham sandwich." And then the swelling demand "Well, for heaven's sake, some one start something or Ellen Thayer or Peggy Ayer will!" What fatality was it, I wonder, that immediately led to the calling of a "corner" or some other critical play, the instant that, Eunice's appetite appeased and Ellen Thayer and Peggy Ayer sufficiently drowned in the chorus, we had burst into the sing song refrain.

"We're the *hockey* team of *nineteen* seven.  
*Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr!*"

and resulted in a faltering of song, a murmur of "Sh! sh!" and a hoarse whisper of "*Cross your fingers! O do cross your fingers! Adele says she's sure it helps! Will it not to go in!*"

As faint hope dawned into the conviction of victory about the middle of the second half 1907 simply could not credit its luck. "Are you sure it's *us*?" We asked one another fearfully. "Their game is much better than ours, it's just a series of accidents," some



humble spirits murmured. "Don't talk as if the game were over," the superstitious advanced." It's frightfully bad luck. They come up to the scratch much better than we. They play like all the furies when the score's against them. They may beat us yet. "But they didn't, in the end, and 1907, a confused, hysterical, mutually embracing mass rushed from the field to the gym to cheer uproariously the green banner hung tipsily on the red brick wall and to cheer and cheer again the class of 1908 who had proved themselves as good losers as winners and our firm friends and well wishers into the bargain.

MARGARET AYER.

## The Repetition of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

*"Ah! bitter chill it was  
The owl for all his feathers was a-cold."*

Of course, by the natural law of perversity in things, it so fell out that the tenth of November, the day selected by the powers that were, for the repetition of the May Day play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, was the coldest Saturday of our early, chilly autumn. The cast, shivering in their airy cheesecloth and fluttering percale, pronounced with chattering teeth the lines that an icy November gale tossed fitfully hither and thither out of ear shot of their audience, and envied the plutocratic Philadelphians, who were their spectators, the fur-lined motoring coats and quilted lap robes in which they defied the elements. Even the prostrating heat and the all-pervading odor of the onion grass that had enhanced the performance of the previous spring shone by contrast with this unfriendly gale. But the performance itself went off with *éclat*. We were all at any rate glad to see Eunice Schenck have an opportunity to display her prowess in the rôle of *Pyramus*, torn from her in May by the untimely and undignified descent of a light case of measles; and we scampered up the hill after all was over, with a pleasing sense of duty done, to drink in Pembroke Miss Martha Thomas's reviving tea with the many friends that our performance had interested anew in the college.

MARGARET AYER.







Brandeis  
 Sweet, Hutchins, Williams  
 Kerr, Foster-  
 Zuerichoffer, Hawkins  
 Windle, Hill, Brownell



Zuerichoffer, Hawkins,  
 Williams, Windle  
 Hill, Sweet, Hutchins  
 Kerr, Brownell.







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In Memoriam

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David Irons

January 23, 1907

Professor of Philosophy at  
Bryn Mawr College 1900-1907

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## Senior Track and Swimming

After winning the hockey championship, the defeat which met us in track was certainly a blow, but, being hardened to such buffets, 1907 took it philosophically enough.

True, we distinguished ourselves at the kick, displaying once more that genius which had borne us up through other disheartening meets. But our star performers in other lines were few and far between. We had never by any chance come down to practice, in spite of Carola's manful efforts. Perhaps hockey made us blasé, but at any rate the gym too often presented the spectacle of "one lone, girl the last of her clan, kicking as often as kick she can." This was not as it had been in the halcyon days of our youth. Then 1907 had stood three deep around the kicking-plate, awaiting turns to practice, until once Miss Applebee, with awful threats, commanded all the "kickers" to stay away, and the next night not a representative of the class appeared in the gym.

Well, we lost. As we filed off the floor a Senior offered sympathy to a Freshman who seemed rather saddened by the result of the meet. "Ah," replied the Freshman naïvely, looking up at the Senior, "we made four more than you did." Then she vanished in the crowd at sight of the Senior's face.

The swimming meet, however, was quite another affair. Here, when the Class of 1907 had nothing to do but stand by and applaud Carola as she broke records for us, here we shone. It was indeed a proud moment, even if we had done little, we others, to deserve it, when our gallant captain, daintily though lightly clad, and blushing through the water on her face, stepped forward to receive the cup offered by Miss Applebee.

In water-polo we were again victorious, though here, too, the long-suffering Carola did all the work, the team as such seeming scarcely to be a necessity. Still, as a matter of form it was deemed best that a few supernumeraries should ornament the pool, as a team was painfully collected by what I am sure were "plug-ugly methods." Perhaps an incident will serve to illustrate 1907's attitude to the game. While a few friends were sitting in my room one day we heard a voice in the hall saying, "No, she's even worse than you.—No, I've asked her already." I had often heard this patient voice draw near along the corridor, pausing at each 1907 door. There was a moment's ominous silence. Then—"Carola," whispered one, "water-polo," groaned another, and with terror-stricken faces my guests melted from sight. No place of shelter being left me except the settle which was already well-filled with other people's dishes, I made for the door, but, alas, too late. The following conversation took place:



*Carola (gently).* "Won't you come down and swim in the match games to-night?"  
*I (with even more than my usual modesty).* "Oh, Carola, I swim so badly you know."

*Carola.* "I know, but we must have some one, and perhaps we'll lose so that you won't have to play again."

*I (hastily).* "Well, but I've only played once in my life, and I haven't been in the pool this year, and you'd better ask—"

*Carola (relentlessly).* "You are the best person there is, and besides I've asked everyone else."

*I (weakening at this supreme tribute).* "Well, if you can't find anyone else—"

*Carola (sternly).* "9.30 then."

Some achieve greatness.

ELEANOR ECOB.

## Ivanhoe.

Nineteen-seven was full of thrills when the invitation appeared upon the tables, inviting the superannuated Seniors to appear at the Gym in the comfortable downstairs capacity of guests of honor. Others classes could picnic on the steps and amputate their knees on the edge of the balcony; but, for the first time in years, this distressing fate was not to be ours. We filed haughtily past the waiting crowd, pretending, as we always do, when, by some unheard-of chance, a luxurious seat in the pit comes our way, that we have never so much as heard of the vulgar region of the peanut.

As the curtain parted we saw before us the banquet hall in Ivanhoe's ancestral home, a scene faultless in detail, so excellent was the stage setting that cast over us the spell of that quaint mediæval period. At least that must have been what came over us, there seems no other way to account for the mysterious agency that suddenly transformed the rows of orderly and respectable Seniors into a howling and shrieking mob, leaning upon each other in the convulsions of mirth that seized them, gasping and panting in their efforts to finish laughing at one joke before the next was upon them—an intention that was not realized once throughout the evening,

In occasional leisure moments we had time to observe that the costuming was excellent, the dancers graceful and well trained and the management so perfect that the whole affair went off without a visible hitch, but generally our time was fully occupied in keeping up with the thrilling and side-splitting plot. An entertainment that, while still keeping the structure of a play, touches, in the course of the evening, on the farce, the melodrama, the ballet, the opera—both grand and light—and the tragedy of blood, is, to say the least, a work of genius. What the efforts of the authors and actors must have been is appalling to



think of; 1907's mental agility strained several muscles in merely following the course of the exciting drama. To be required to pass from the humor of the bromide Athelstane, to the horror of the burning castle and to the charm of the dance of the Seven Veils, is almost too much for an audience.

Yet, somehow, we did not complain much. Underneath our convulsive mirth, a solid satisfaction grew and grew, 1909 were distinguishing themselves even beyond our hopes and expectations and the strongest impression that we carried away with us that night was pride in our Freshmen.

C. L. MEIGS.

On May 1st, 1907, our May Day celebration was accomplished with more comfort than any we have hitherto engaged in, if with less *eclat*. We didn't begin too early, we sang fairly well on top of Rockefeller and had a very good breakfast below. The band gave an air of joviality, especially when we had it in the hall of Rockefeller for dancing; 1909 gave Esther a beautiful crown of violets, then we went to Denbigh, preceded by the band, where we had the usual May Day program of winding the May-pole, Islington sung by Majorie Young and speeches from Esther and Miss Thomas.

## Under Two Flags

About last March when we were first planning the class book, some one suggested that we have an article entitled *The Plays We Never Gave*, as it would supply outlet for any genius in dramatic criticism. I ask you what more could anyone desire than brilliant skits on *Cyrano de Bergerac*, on *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, on the *School for Scandal*, and a score of others. I hate to think that Sheridan, M. Rostand, and Mr. Shaw must go down to posterity, without running the gamut of 1907's official opinion, and thus endure the risk of having their tablets wrongly placed in the Hall of Fame, but hard knocks were ever the fate of the truly gifted. The fact that 1907 did really produce a play in the second semester of their Senior year spoiled the title planned, and gave no excuse for Jamesesque remarks on the drama from one of our editors, hence this humble screed from another.

The main point about *Under Two Flags* is that 1907 really gave it. If I felt sure that no one but my classmates would read this book, I might be tempted to give an account of certain class meetings and the language used therein, but the memory probably lingers with you. For my part, I can only repeat the drummer's words about the biscuit, "Fergit it! I wisht I could!" Looking back upon that time, I must admit that it did seem queer to



persevere in giving a play when all the people in the class who could act were dead against such a proceeding. Perhaps, the spirit of prophecy for once descended upon the Philistines, perhaps it was Dorothy Forster's and Margaret Bailey's hidden histrionic ability clamouring for a hearing that urged us on to what I must call victory, for whatever 1908 may have thought of the affair, the scoffers in 1907 succumbed with much grace.

Tink and Popie deserve all the credit for the choice and casting of the play. Their brains must be a different colour since the day they spent in a cheap publishing house reading one melodrama after another, and if the firm of Beaumont and Fletcher had dissolved, a new one of Frohman and Daly had arisen, as evidenced by the marvelous intuition shown in assigning parts to almost raw material. The fact that it was, as usual, one of the 1907 quick-lunch variety, gotten up while you wait, did not help matters much, but Julie, deserting her prompter's post, took the helm and brought us to a safe port. Bunny as *Cigarette* startled us by giving her part as it was written, and Ellen Graves and Ellen Thayer amazed everyone by their rakishness. Dorothy's villainy and its overthrow well nigh broke the stage and her mustache made many conquests, while it did one's heart good to see anyone enjoy herself as much as Margaret Bailey did, in being smartly wicked before an admiring audience. I need not say how pretty Harriet was, how hideous Popie and Eleanor were, how remarkable was the brogue of Nora and her lover, how fetching the Zouave uniform. It is unnecessary too to mention how appreciative an audience we had in 1908 or how they relieved the tension of the scene shifters who were squabbling as to whether it would be good form for 1907 to start the hissing, by greeting the villain lustily in the most approved fashion. Perhaps I may seem lavish in my praise of our own doings, but as college ends one feels thoroughly convinced that "*Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

ALICE MARTIN HAWKINS.

## Junior-Senior Supper

### La Princess Lointaine.

"Junior-Senior Supper is the beginning of the end." So we had been told many times by sorrowing Seniors who were preparing to depart from our midst, and who were entering on that season of feasting and festivities with which the victims are accompanied, as it were, to the edge of the grave. It is, therefore, one of the first tributes to the success of the actors, that the Junior-Senior supper play should make its audience forget, for a time, the significance of this gathering in the Gymnasium for the purpose of saying good-bye to the class they have known the longest.

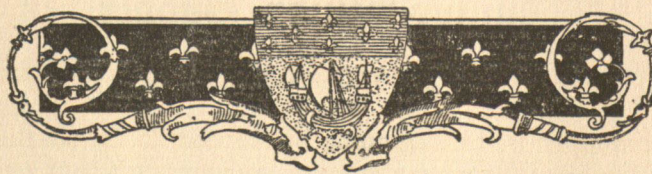


The far-reaching influence of May Day made itself felt even on this occasion, for the class of 1908, on account of its omitted play, had been allowed to spend more time than usual upon this one, with the result that the staging and training of the actors was even better than in the former plays in which it had been so signally successful. We all know the nature of comparisons, and will therefore refrain from drawing any between this production and the happy-go-lucky chaos of the corresponding play of the year before.

That the class of 1908 distinguished itself, is probably considered by many to have been the memorable feature of this occasion. But to 1907, there were times when the occasion of the play and the individuality of the actors were completely forgotten so absorbed were we in the pleasure of seeing a play that was real literature and acting that was real art. Emily Fox and Myra Elliot as Bertrand and Melissinde did more than win our hearts—they carried us completely out of ourselves. The Genoese merchant, the physician, Rudel and the host of minor parts, were all so well taken that there was no shock of coming to earth between the tense scenes of the hero and heroine.

That the evening ended in tragedy was not the fault (I hope) of our amiable hostesses. As we stood up in turn to touch our innocent lips to the death-dealing loving cup, we were brimful of admiration for the class of 1908. As we look back now, we can gaze across that period of misery and sorrow that intervenes, and we can say that in spite of the unhappy associations, the glory of the "*Princess Lointaine*" shines undiminished and that we look back with pleasure to our Junior-Senior Supper with 1908.

CORNELIA L. MEIGS.





## Senior Basket Ball

Who would ever have thought, as the Bromides would say, that the loving-cup of Junior-Senior Supper could have anything to do with the basket-ball season of 1907? Yet that, it seems, was the source of the pestilence which suddenly reached out and plucked one star after another from the basket-ball sky. The worst of it fell on the day of the deciding game between us and 1908—whom we had drawn for the preliminaries—when a long intermittent procession of the stricken began its march across the campus, part to the Infirmary, and part to the Rabbit Hutch and other places of outer darkness. Sometimes they went in little bands, marshalled by trained nurses to proclaim them unclean. When the nurses could no longer keep up with the pace, they came singly, warning off interested passersby, followed by men laden with white Prickitt packages, and leaving the air blue behind them.

“Esther has It!”—“Martha has It!” flew from lip to lip as the two captains were hustled off to the Rabbit Hutch. And gradually, as the number of able-bodied players dwindled to subs, it seemed doubtful whether we could have a game at all.

We did play, however, such a game as will probably never again be seen on the athletic field of Bryn Mawr College. Vive le tonsillitis!

ELEANOR ECOB.

## Senior Basket Ball

Woerishoffer, C. F.	Williams, C. (Cannon)	Hutchins, (Capt) C. H.
Windle, R. F.	Brownell, R. C.	Kerr, R. B.
Hawkins, L. F.	G. Hill, L. C.	Sweet, L. B.
(Neff)	(Christy, Klauder)	

May 10—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1907—8-3

May 13—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1908—3-4

May 15—1907 vs. 1908—Won by 1908—3-9



## Senior Supper

Considering that it was the last formal gathering of the class, Senior supper was a very jovial affair. Perhaps it was the undercurrent of this very feeling that it was for the last time which added a final touch to our gaiety. Anyway, even as we marched up the stairs of Pem. West, to the tune of our old rush song, we knew that this supper was to be the best of all; for we felt drawn together by a spirit of good-comradeship that four years of work and play together had brought us.

Eunice was toastmistress,—I need hardly add that everything went off with spirit and smoothness.

There were more toasts than usual, and they were shorter and far less constrained. Many of them, in fact, were not constrained at all—as for instance Ethelwyn's speech on "Table Manners," the victims of which are clamoring for type-written copies to be handed down to posterity. Then there was Gertrude Hill's toast on "Poses," in which we learned about various "positions assumed for effect;" and there was Carola on "Conventionality;" and Ellen Graves, who convulsed us all with her naive description of the three new professors and their wife, who, it was hoped, would all hang together.

We had snatches of youthful poetry too; and an impromptu toast from Margaret Blodgett, who, having missed her calculations as to what she would be called upon to toast, gave us perforce the anecdote she had prepared for "Bird News."

Interspersed with the toasts came songs—Bux's darkey songs, the time-honored "Scenery Epic," Tony's "Scientific Man," etc.

Esther toasted the class, Margaret Augur took us in reminiscence through the early days of "1907", and then we had the prophecy.

After that the loving-cup went round, but this ceremony was far from being as impressive as it might have been, for the use of straws, neatly tagged with little green turtles, was hardly conducive to sentiment. It was very soberly, however, that we rose after the last toast, and with our arms about each other's shoulders joined voices in "Auld Lang Syne." Soberly, too, we streamed out over the silent campus and gathered at the bend in the road where stood our slip of a magnolia tree. There were no stars, and in the slant light from the road it was hard to recognize the cloaked figures that stepped forward one by one to the tree. Now and then a penny would catch the rays and gleam; and we watched it as we sang till some chance shovel-full put it out.

Few of us I imagine will soon forget that half-hour, bringing to our realization as it did, what we had been to each other and what we were to be no longer. The reality and the beauty of class-spirit came to us then as never before,—the spirit of the words we sang—"Here's to you, here's to you my jovial friend."

ELEANOR ECOB.



## Commencement Week.

When we all grow so aged and so feeble that our memories begin to slip from us and the events of our youth are lost in obscurity, when the alumnæ members of our class no longer recognize their precious sheepskin roll, nor feel for their check-books when Garden Party is mentioned, at the question "what happened Commencement Week" a light will shine in the dim old eyes, and the answer will come at once—"It rained." The memory of those nerve-racking showers that just didn't interfere with the functions set for every day in that eventful week, will follow us all to the grave.

It was raining when we gathered for the Baccalaureate Sermon, but that jolly party in the lower corridor of Taylor cared very little. That it was a very solemn occasion could be read in the responsible faces of the marshals and the dejected mien of the Faculty, but no such impression could be gathered from 1907, who were driving their President mad with their idiotic "Mam da" cheers for Mr. Crothers, Miss Thomas and all the Faculty. Once in the chapel, however, we settled down to listen, with a polite attention that soon became involuntary as Mr. Crothers progressed in one of the most eloquent, clever and helpful sermons that has ever been given at Bryn Mawr.

Monday morning dawned with threatening skies; but the postponed Olympic games had to come off; we cheerfully looked another way when it thundered and continued our preparations. An intrepid band of 1909 set out with us through the drizzling rain for the soaking fields, and after a slight hesitation at the first plunge, we disported ourselves merrily in the long grass and in and out of the brook. "It was not so much the heat as the humidity" that we minded as we gathered, our teeth chattering and the rain dripping down our backs, to feed the Sophomores on sandwiches and nice cold lemonade. We filed homewards weary and soaked, to make ourselves beautiful for Class Supper, a task that, to the uninitiated eye, might seem well nigh impossible.

That Class Supper has been written of elsewhere by a better pen than mine. Everyone has perhaps a slightly different impression of the affair, mine is that we were a company of not ill-looking nor stupid young women, who were behaving more or less like ladies, yet in spite of it were enjoying ourselves immensely. It was in a quieter mood that we went out to plant our tree, to erect the monument to ourselves, ushering ourselves out of the college world with the same Pallas Athene with which 1906 had ushered us in.

Tuesday was a confused scramble that was only surpassed by the chaos of Wednesday. Rehearsal for Commencement in its first stages resembled a wild animal show with an



ambition to parade, but with little talent for the part. Panting Sophomores struggled with the line, longing for the clubs that were their badge of office; Juniors smiled cynically from the background, remembering how easily the whole affair had gone off in their day, while Dr. Warren bellowed directions from the window

The approaching Alumnæ Varsity game cut short this delightful performance, and we hastened down to cheer ourselves hoarse over the glorious victory, wholly forgetting that as far as examinations went we were alumnæ already, and except for the little ceremony upstairs that would soon take place in reality instead of in rehearsal, we were cut off from the joys of "Anasa Kata" forever. But pride in our team, and especially in the 1907 members of it, drowned all such unhappy reflections.

During those last few days everything was done on a dead run. The guests at Miss Thomas's luncheon arrived at the door too out of breath from their rapid passage up from the basket-ball field, into their (second) best and over to the Deanery, to be able to do real justice to the banquet spread before their hungry eyes. The Dean was a charming hostess, discussed statistics and reproductions in her most affable tones, bore up bravely under all the good advice that was offered her, and in her flattering speech to the class of 1907 showed that, as always, she agreed perfectly with that illustrious body.

The guests, well pleased with themselves and Miss Thomas, left her hospitable doors to fall into the clutches of various non-combatants to whom had been intrusted the management of the bonfire, and who had been preparing various horrid tasks for the complacent feasters.

The gathering under the arch that night again resembled a wild animal group, such an one as might meet in the depths of the jungle to settle family difficulties. The snarling, swearing, howling band was finally straightened into line, and to the inspiring strains of "1907 March Along" dragged its weary limbs to the athletic field. When I look back upon that bonfire, the one figure that stands out is Mr. Foley, an angelic form whose head was surrounded by a fiery halo, and whose strong right arm supported tottering 1907 through this crisis. It was he that stood by the gate and in the pitch dark was able to distinguish between students and alumnæ and smiling guests, masquerading as undergraduates but invariably detected and cast out with a ruthless hand. It was he that suppressed the small boys who insisted on cheering "Amo," that saved the whole class from burning itself up a dozen times, that, in short demeaned himself as only the guardian angel of the college could.

College Breakfast was a delightful oasis in the desert of weariness and hard labor. Here one sat, almost unheard of sensation, and ate bountifully, greedily, fed by a Sophomore on each side, who did not ask for polite small talk in return, but entertained one instead with toasts and songs and delightful tributes. Even the pouring rain and the certainty that Garden Party was to be in the good old tradition could not oppress our spirits. Miss Maurice made an excellent toast-mistress, the speeches were all good and 1907 enjoyed themselves to the full.



And after all, the weather, seeing that no one was noticing it, cleared up. A few threatening snow clouds hovered over the campus. Guests shivered a little that evening as they gulped down their ice cream and ran to the shelter of the cloister, but on the whole the affair was a great success. Only 1907 seemed distraught, we had never seen a Garden Party out-of-doors before, we had never observed ourselves and our classmates in such a glory of raiment, altogether we couldn't get over ourselves. Other people ate, chatted and laughed, we wandered about, feeling very strange, superfluous and out of our element.

Perhaps it was the uneasy sense of what was coming at the end of the evening, that most harrowing ceremony of all, our funeral rites, that upset us. As we sat on the steps for the last time, and sang and were sung to once more, with the knowledge that we should never do so again, we felt somehow that our lot was unreasonably hard, and that to retire gracefully before the oncoming generations was not the easiest task on earth.

Commencement—how we had all looked forward to it, not with longing, by any means, but with a foreboding four years old that we must come to it at last. What a tremendous event it seemed, and how small an affair it really was in the end. Even although Mr. Bryce did speak, and speak exceedingly well, although the throng of admiring fathers and mothers was as great as usual, and the Faculty just as impressive, still it was a very small ceremony for such a tremendous occasion as the launching of 1907 into the world. Just the fact of stumbling up the platform stairs with one's cap on one ear, and a white fur collar dragging at one's neck, to snatch the diploma from Miss Thomas's extended hand, as one heard how it had come from the authority of the State of Pennsylvania and observed that the august route was via Daddy Warren—this was what made one come down again an A. B., admitted to all the rights and privileges thereof. What these rights are, beyond retirement from the undergraduate body, and the loss of a proper place for the tassel on one's cap have not yet been discovered; but we must take what we can and be thankful. And as we walked down the chapel stairs and out into the blazing sunshine we realized that the class of 1907 had passed into history, and that the college was done with us.

Yet in spite of this depressing sensation, we could still look about and see that in that weary throng, hollow-eyed and weak in the knees as it was, there was still a spark of life here and there, and though Commencement Week had nearly finished us, the glorious class of 1907 had by no means ceased to be.

C. L. MEIGS.





## Our Nonsensical Nature Study

An *Engaging And Winning* freshman, a *Mighty Pert Baby*, and a *Jolly Cunning Kid*—*Busy, Energetic, Nimble, Blissfully Happy*, enters Bryn Mawr anticipating *Infinite Studious Enlightenment*. She childishly plays with *Many Rubber Balls* and *Koddles Kittens*, and, though a *Great Speech Bungler*, *Always Babbles* to her *Merry Amiable Friend*, a *Robust Light-footed Christian* who is *Especially Scented*, and *Ever Gracious*, *Hopes For Suitors*. All freshman year she *Goes By Papa*, *A Jocular Hayseed*, talking of "*My Kingly Lineage*," and, although she *Endures Tortures* and *Gets Painfully Huffy*, *Entices Haverford*, and *Husbands Pursue Strenuously*.

Although *A Good Girl*—an *Assiduous Amiable Soul*—*Ever Normal*, *Her Temper Steady* and her *Appetite Noticeably Constant*, during sophomore year, she, with an *Extremely Dictatorial Warbler*—who is, indeed, an *Exceedingly Bossy Person*—*Manifests Much Resentment* at a classmate who *Makes Ecclesiastical Bluff*. She is an *Earnest Talker*, *Always Mildly Withering*, though, since she is never *Judiciously Laconic*, she often *Makes Remarks Foolishly*, her *Mouth Ever Busy*. As, although an *Astonishingly Helpful Girl*, she *Just Dotes Fondly* (on) *Bossing*, by junior year she becomes an *Exceedingly Majestic Shrew* as well as an *Eminent Editor*.

In junior year, *Athletic, Gleeful, Histrionic*—in fact, an *Actor's Guide*—showing *Boundless Resolution*, combined with a *Marvellously Alert Conscience*, she becomes an *Enthusiastic Schemer* and the *Ablest Mayday Hustler*. She is a *Lively Learned Paradox*, *Has Plentiful Humour* and *Evades Conventions' Walks*. They say she *Makes Fudge*, but, as she *Dreads Fat*, *Maintains Healthy Balance*. *Entrancingly Dulcet*, she *Loves Being Worshipped* and *Makes Birds Melancholy*. An *Exotic Worker*, she *Composes Like Mad*, and *Works Midnights, Rising Yawning*.

But, by senior year, her *Enthusiasm Waning*, she buys *A (da) Vinci* and *Vigilantly Grasps High-credits*, *Manifesting Idealistic Oxford Sympathies*. She, already noted for her *Great Heart*, and for her *Many Righteous Works*, now becomes *My! How Academic*. An *Ever Eager Chemist*, she *Haunts Laboratory* since she *Always Enjoys Research* and is *In Chemistry Most Wonderful*, also *Measuring Hydrostatic Fluctuations*, doing *Lovely Biology Work*, and *Dissecting Many Corpses*. She finds *Scientific Keenness Gives Satisfaction* and is *Loyal To Work* on *Meteorological Phenomena*. *Calm, Wise, Deliberate*, she shows *Much Valorous Resistance*, when *Kant Vexes Her*, but has her *English Themes Typewritten*, and, with *English Marks Remarkable*, *Bears Latin High-credits*. She *Always Takes Honours* and, being a *Noble Linguist*, *Captures Longed-for Scholarships* and *Easily Attains Rank*. On looking back on her college career she *Manifests Absence's Adage*.



## L'Envoi

### To the Owner of this Book

When college days have long been past, when we are scattered far  
Some day, once more, you'll read these pages through.  
I wonder what you're doing and I wonder where you are  
As you see these lines I dedicate to you.

Perhaps you are a lion whom I would not dare address,  
Or perhaps a worthy matron with a family of nine,  
You may be seeking scholarship in single blessedness,  
Or as a suffragette perhaps you shine.

Though your lot be high or humble, though you've won a spouse—or  
fame;  
Let the changes time has brought be what they will;  
Yet the heart of 1907 is with you just the same,  
And, somewhere, every one of us is thinking of you still.

CORNELIA L. MEIGS





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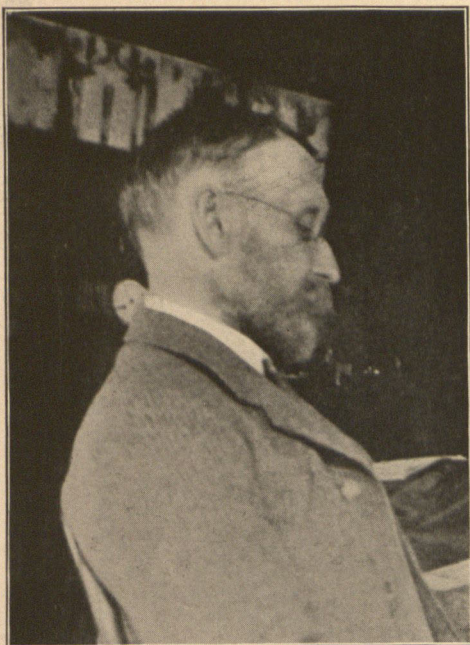




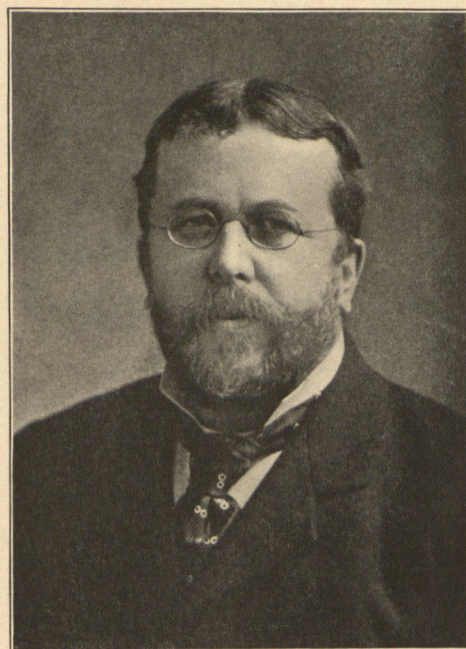








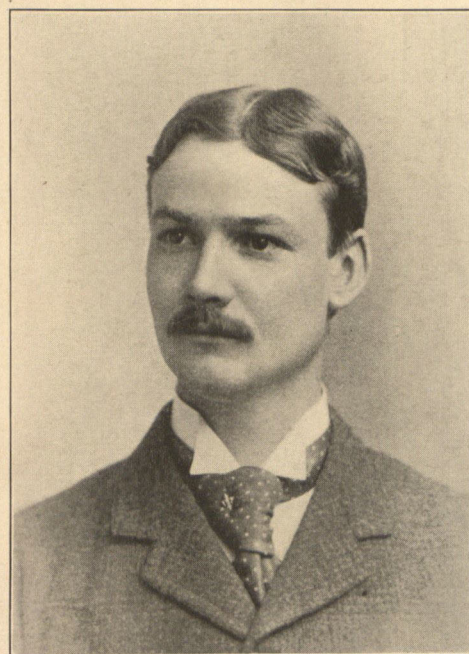
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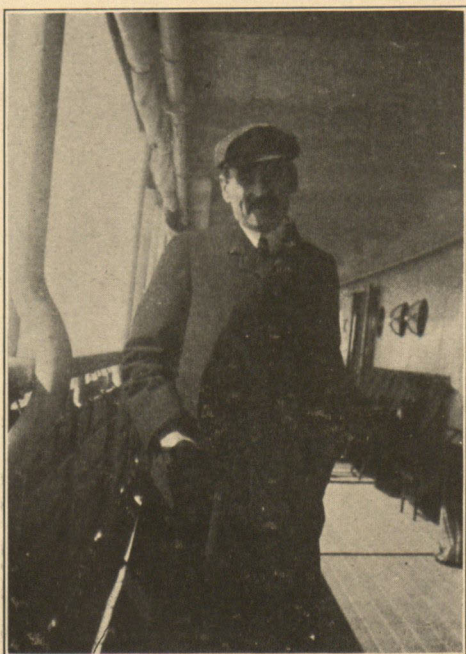


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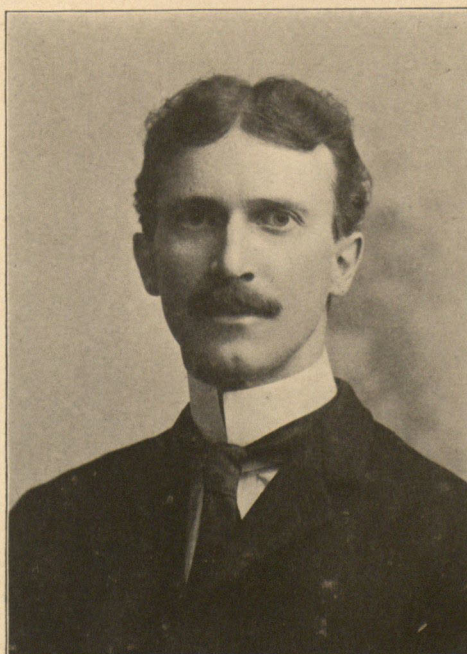


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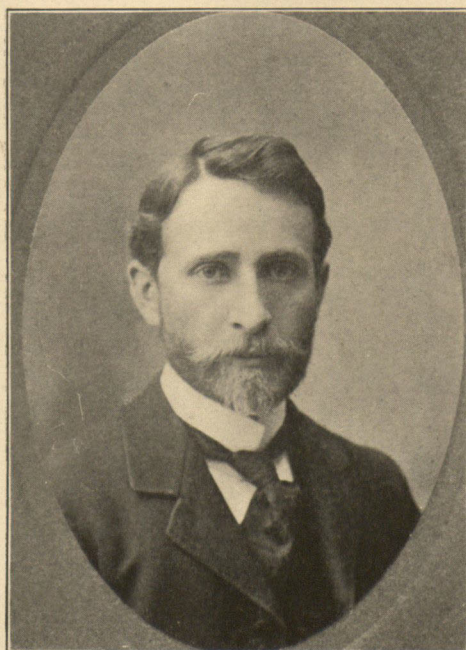




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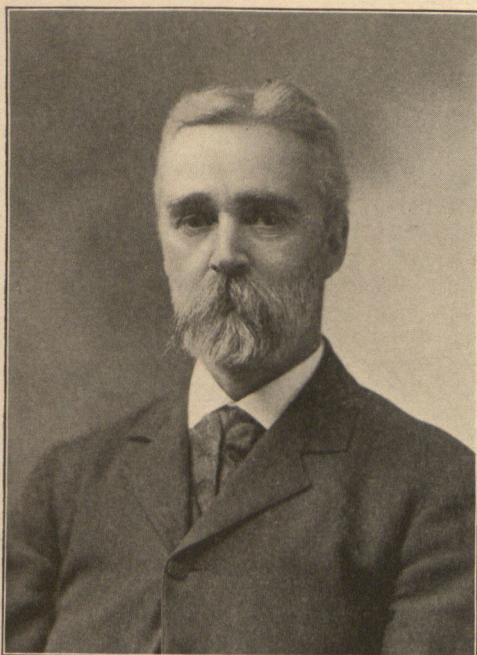


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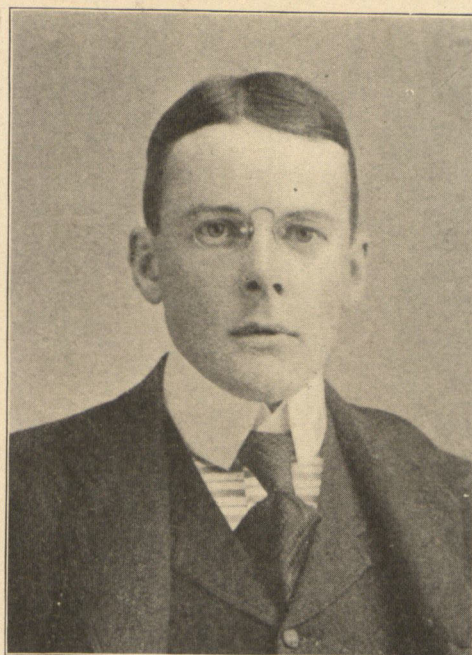


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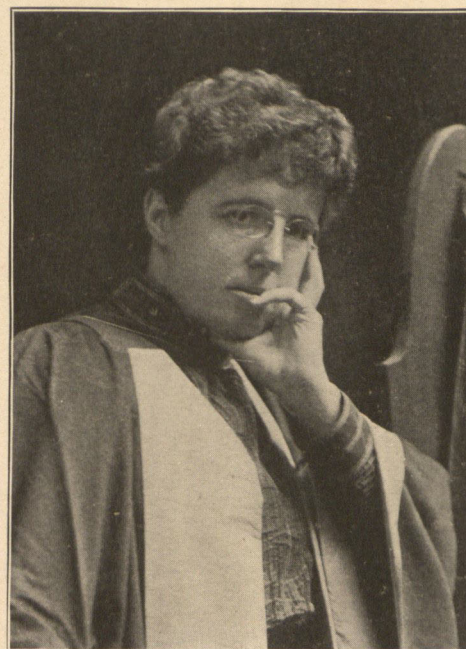
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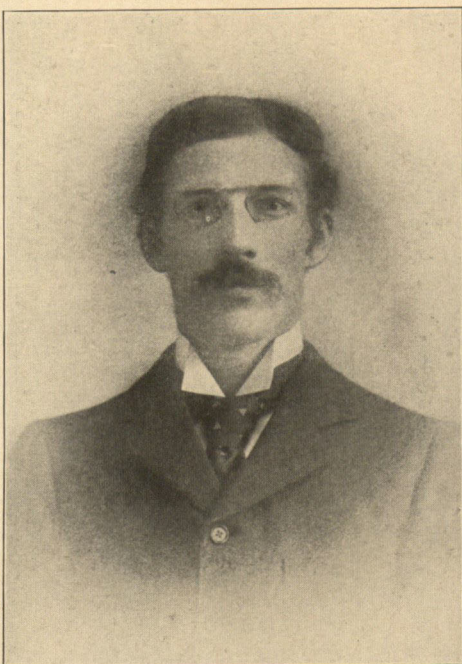


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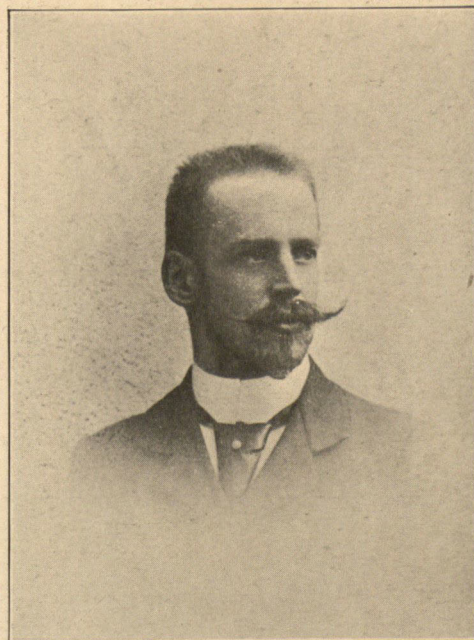


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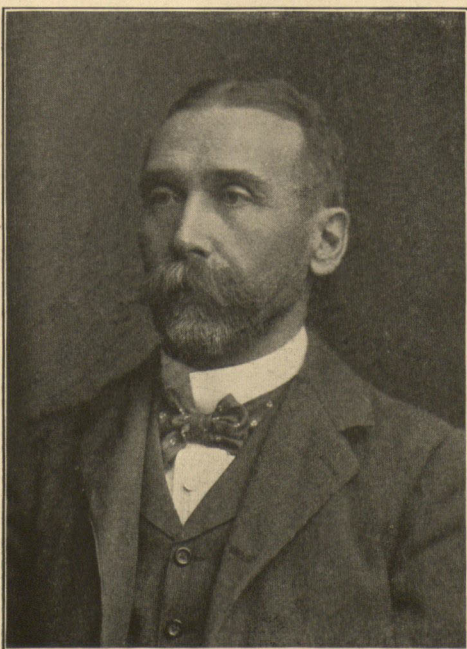




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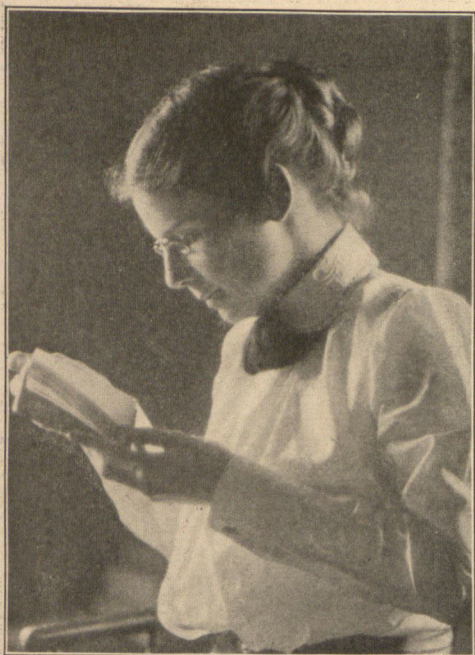


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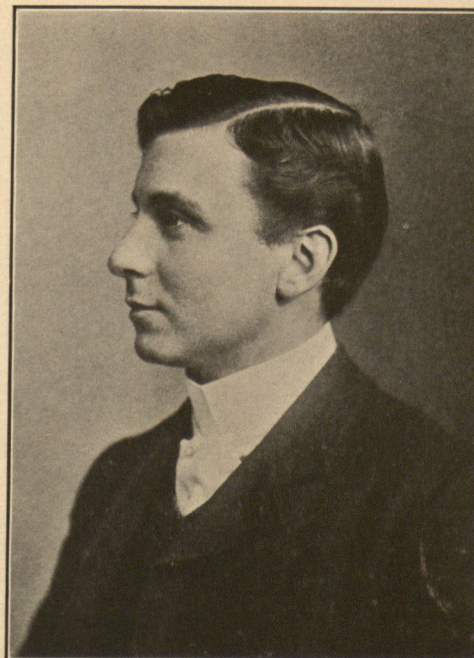


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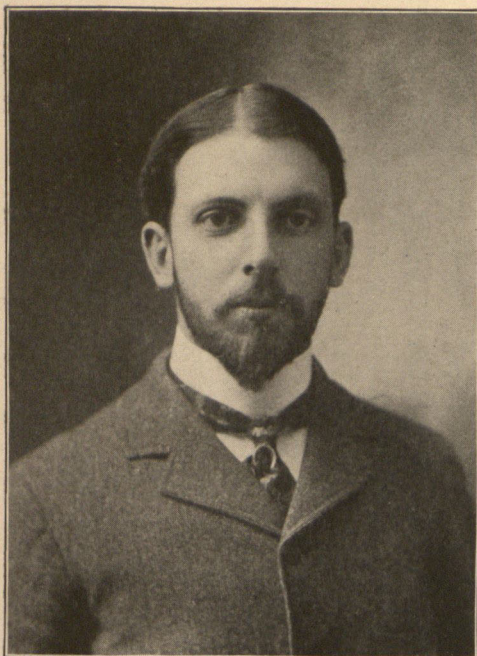


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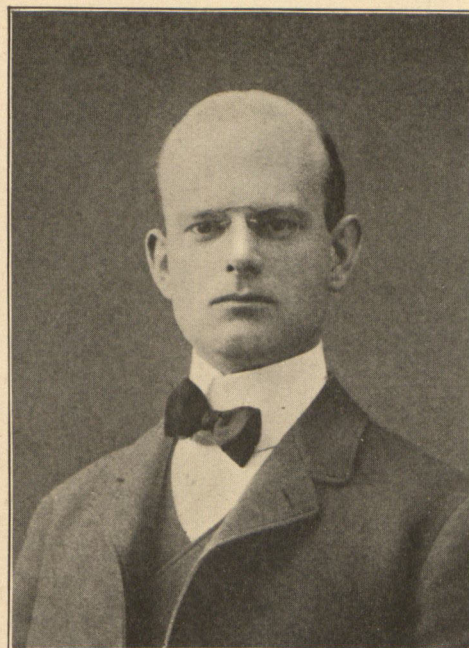


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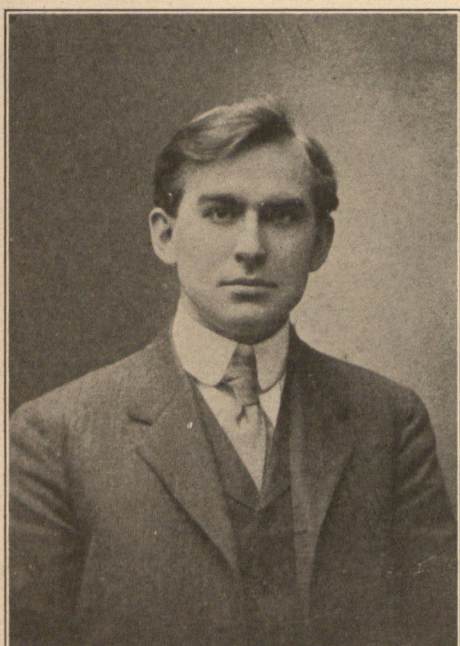




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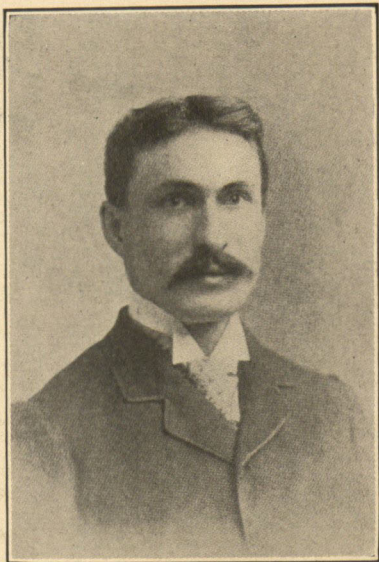


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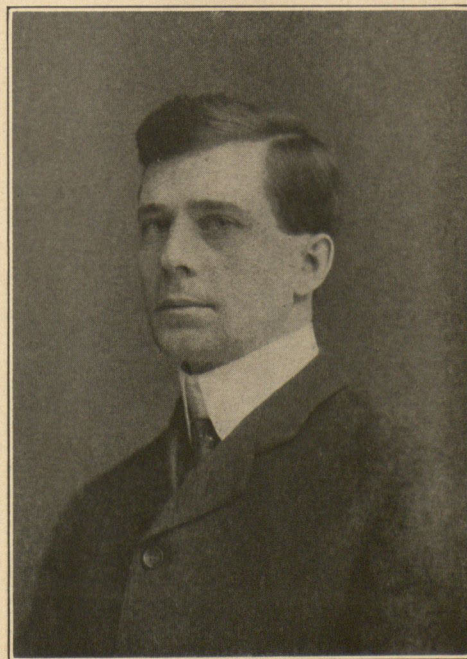
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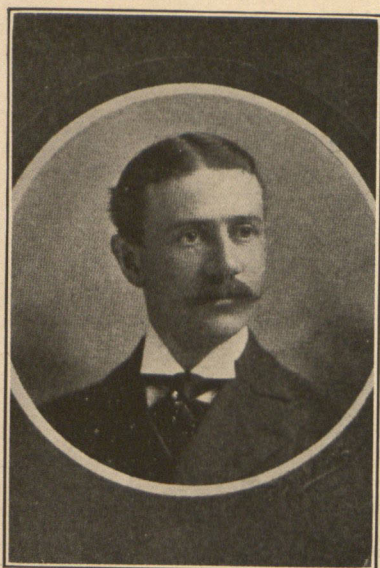


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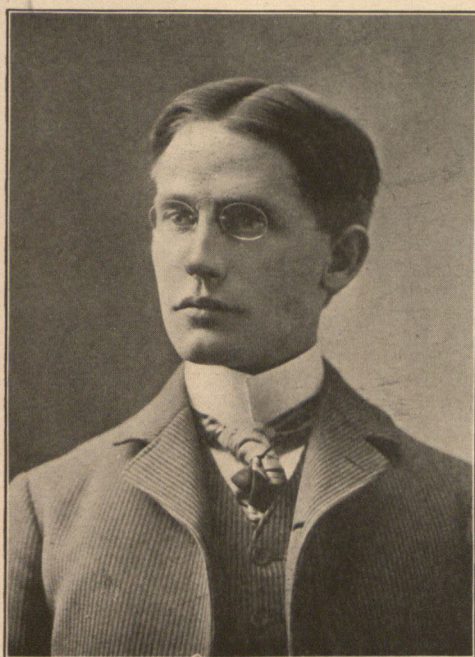




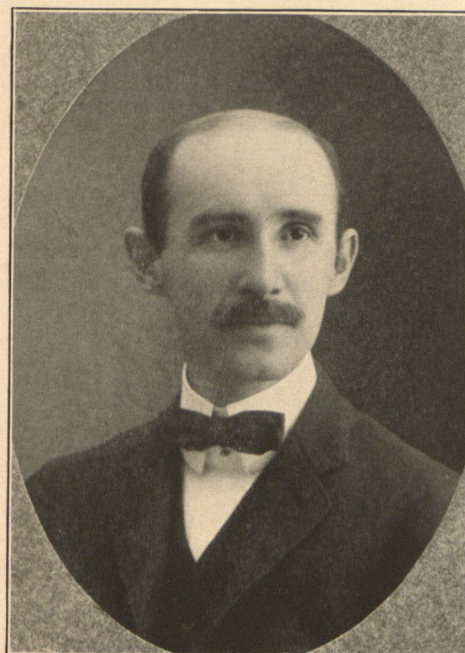
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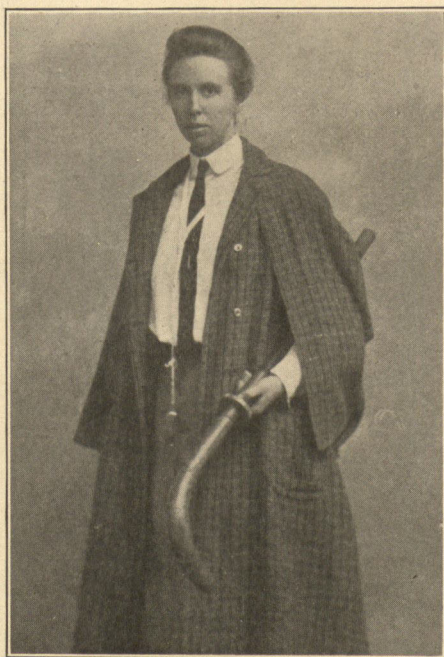


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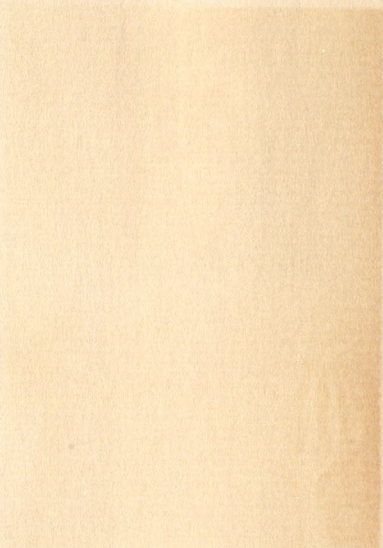












































































































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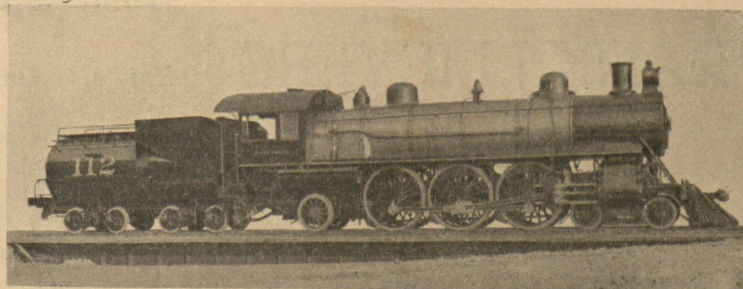
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